

# Américas

FEBRUARY . . . 1936

## **GIVE AND TAKE**

Trade pointers from U. S.  
Assistant Secretary of  
State Henry F. Holland

## **A COMMUNITY REBORN**

on the coast of Brazil

Skilled Indian  
hands weave

## **QUITO'S MAGIC CARPETS**

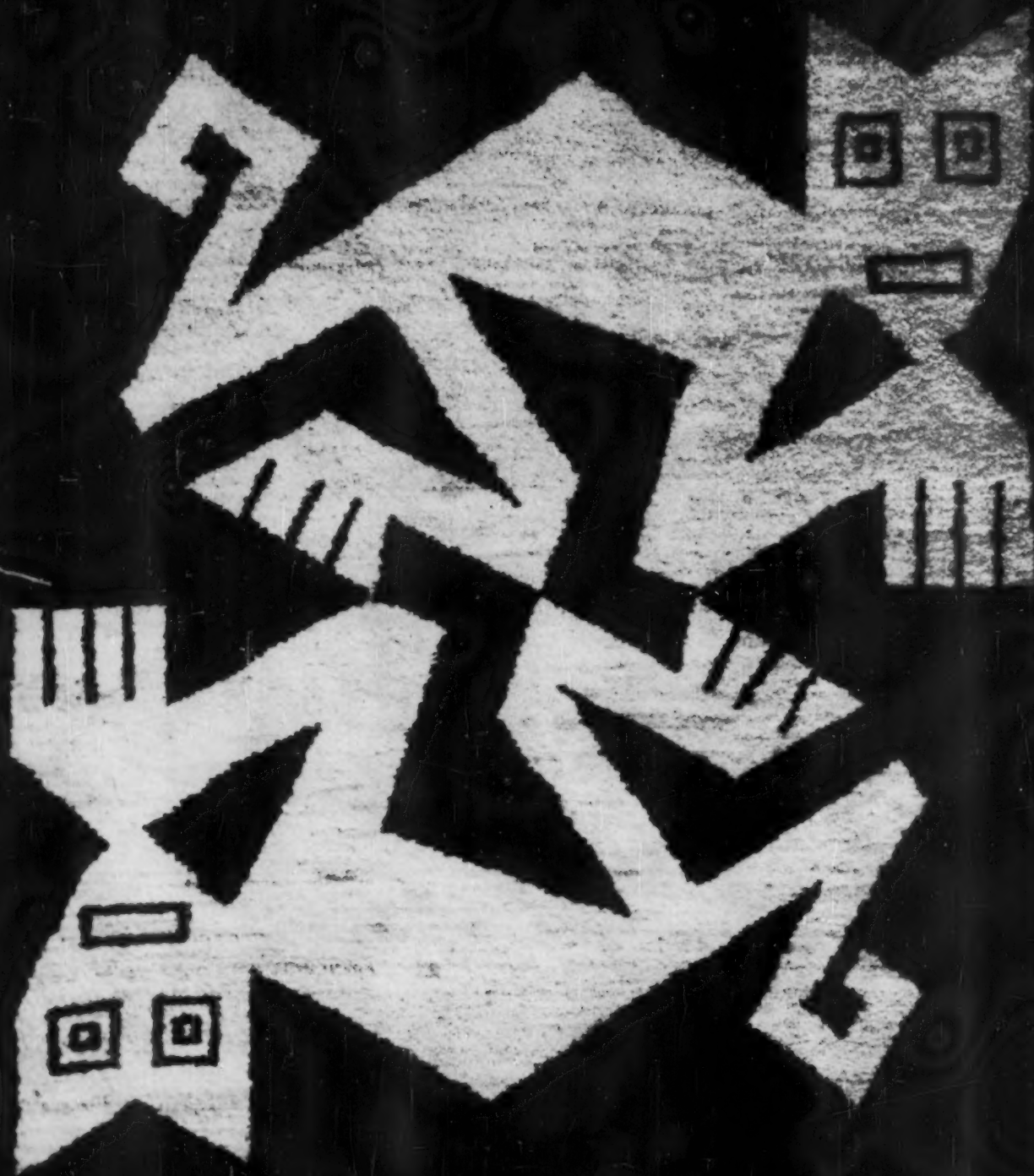
## **HAITIAN HINTERLAND**

**25**

cents

*Climbers cross avalanche chute on  
Salcantay, queen of the Cordillera  
Vilcabamba in Peru. See "Scaling  
the Andes," page 11*





# Américas

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Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.  
William Manger, Assistant Secretary General

### Editor

Kathleen Walker

### Associate Editors

George C. Compton  
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz  
Armando S. Pires

### Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Alig  
Elizabeth B. Kilmer  
Benedicta S. Monsen  
Raúl Nass  
Betty Wilson

### Cover

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## Dear Readers:

The OAS has a full calendar ahead. Judging from the half-dozen official inter-American conferences scheduled for the next four months, the art of deliberation is far from outmoded. The gadget has yet to be invented that will be a satisfactory substitute in international affairs for the act of sitting down together to talk things out, whether legal, scientific, economic, or cultural matters. These four fields will come under expert scrutiny at the Third Meeting of the Inter-American Council of Jurists beginning January 17 in Mexico City; the Inter-American Conference on the Conservation of the Resources of the Continental Shelf and Marine Waters that opens in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, on March 15; the Travel Congress that starts April 12 in San José, Costa Rica (probably followed by the Inter-American Port and Harbor Conference, scheduled for the same city); and three simultaneous gatherings in Lima, Peru, in April—the Second Inter-American Meeting of Ministers of Education, the Second Meeting of the Inter-American Cultural Council, and the UNESCO Regional Conference on Education.

Conferring is perhaps the only remedy for that old sore spot, territorial waters. Who is entitled to a country's offshore riches, whether oil, shrimp, or tuna, as in recent cases that have touched off controversies in the United States, Mexico, and Peru? Which is more acceptable, the traditional three-mile limit or the two-hundred-mile limit jointly proclaimed by Chile, Ecuador, and Peru in 1952? What can be done to preserve the dwindling sponge and pearl beds of Cuba and Venezuela? These are the kind of problems facing the meeting on the continental shelf and marine waters.

The Inter-American Council of Jurists will study the legal aspects of territorial waters and related questions in the spade work for the broader conference to follow two months later in the Dominican capital. The jurists will also strive to simplify the settlement of disputes among businessmen throughout the Hemisphere by shaping a single law that would keep controversies out of the courts and settle them through the Inter-American Arbitration Commission (see June 1952 AMERICAS). Finally, they will study a draft convention defining offenses in which extradition can be invoked and work toward uniformity on this and other judicial procedures.

The Sixth Inter-American Travel Congress will carry forward its unremitting efforts to smooth the traveler's path by chipping away at such stumbling blocks as visa requirements, inadequate lodging, a dearth of travel literature, and the like. The Inter-American Port and Harbor Conference will discuss various factors that interrupt the free flow of cargoes or ships throughout the Hemisphere. Ever since World War II, traffic congestion has been responsible for serious damage and delays in the movement of merchandise.

In April, the Peruvian capital will teem with educators. Like the Inter-American Council of Jurists, the Inter-American Cultural Council will convene its periodic session as one of the OAS Council's specialized agencies. This will be a time for stock-taking (since it last met, for example, the interim Committee for Cultural Action in Mexico City has completed sixteen studies, concerned with such matters as how to educate minority groups). It will also be a time for mapping future cultural activities, including a program for the PAU Cultural Affairs Department.

Meanwhile, the UNESCO Regional Conference, held with OAS collaboration, will try to relate education needs and facilities at the primary level, examining curriculum, teacher training, and administration. This will lead naturally into the meeting of Education Ministers, who will consider a realistic schedule for achieving free and compulsory education in their respective countries through international cooperation.

THE EDITORS

Opposite: White pumas on black background of hand-woven Ecuadorean rug that has nearly eleven thousand knots per square foot. Motif is from pre-Columbian jewelry

# ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

## CUBAN OIL

José Bosch, President of the Bacardi Rum Company and the new Trans-Cuba Oil Company, reminded a recent meeting of the Cuban Lions Club that although petroleum exploration on the island dates back to 1865, it never amounted to much until twenty years ago. Since then four large companies have spent more than eleven million dollars drilling for oil. The far-from-encouraging results are a few productive wells in the Bacuranao, Motempo, Jarahueca, and Jatibonico fields. Nevertheless, geologists of international renown have declared that there is as much advance evidence of petroleum in Cuba as there was in any very productive area of the world. Today thirty-four firms, both Cuban and foreign, are actively engaged in the search. Five are companies that had previously abandoned the effort, then returned when the new prospects were announced. Some sources estimate that no less than thirty-five million dollars will be invested in petroleum research there over the next five years.

According to Earl Copeland of the Cuba Petroleum News Digest, the country's oil production totaled 57,173 barrels in 1954, while it soared to 151,122 in only the first six months of 1955. On the basis of a daily consumption of around 55,000 barrels, the present volume of Cuban output would cover merely 1.5 per cent of the country's needs—which are increasing at the rate of 5 per cent a year.

Estimates of Cuba's petroleum reserves range from enough to meet present demand for eighteen years to sufficient for 119.

## INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOLS

The American Federation of Labor recently handed a \$50,000 check to the International Labour Organization to furnish equipment for two vocational schools for the Indians in Peru and Bolivia. Woodworkers, carpenters, mechanics, and other tradesmen will be turned out by these "William Green Training Centers," to be located in Puno, Peru, and Pillapi, Bolivia, and named for the late President of the AFL. The venture is a cooperative effort supplementing the UN-ILO technical assistance program: the Bolivian and Peruvian Governments are putting up the buildings on land furnished by the Indians; the ILO and UNESCO are providing instructors. In accepting the check, David L. Morse, Director General of the ILO, observed: "We regard this effort to help raise the living standards on the high plateaus of the Andes as one of the most challenging and difficult problems we have had to face in the thirty-five-year history of the ILO." The gift from the AFL will pay for a carefully pruned list of essential equipment drawn up by ILO vocational experts in Geneva. Labor organizations

in Germany and Belgium have also contributed funds for equipping similar Andean training centers.

## MORE CEMENT FOR PERU

The construction of roads and irrigation canals as well as commercial building have pushed the demand for cement to new heights in Peru. In northern Peru alone it has risen sharply over the past ten years from 29,000 metric tons in 1944 to 136,000 metric tons in 1954. To take care of the expanding market, construction is under way on a new plant built by the Compañía Nacional de Cemento Portland del Norte S.A. at Pacasmayo, some four hundred miles north of Lima. The five-million-dollar plant is due for completion in 1957, with an initial annual production of one hundred thousand metric tons. To help finance dollar costs, a loan was granted last April by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development for two and a half million dollars, under the guarantee of the Peruvian Government.

In 1954 Peruvian cement production reached an estimated 650,000 metric tons—a jump of about 145 per cent over 1945. Stepped-up local production plus a cutback in the Government's public works program in 1954 resulted in a 69 per cent decrease in the volume of imports, which dipped that year to 28,372 metric tons, valued at about \$553,000.

During the first half of 1955, cement imports fell off to 8,580 metric tons at a value of three million soles—representing a 52 per cent decline in volume in relation to the corresponding 1954 figure.

## VENEZUELA STEPS AHEAD

During 1955 Venezuela continued her steady industrial and commercial growth of recent years, with all indications that her position as the number one Latin American exporting nation would become permanent. Complete figures for the year are not yet available, but the country maintained a strong lead in the early months. In 1954, Venezuela's total exports topped the list at the equivalent of U. S. \$1,697,861,000. Brazil was second with \$1,561,800,000, while Argentina followed \$1,078,800,000, according to figures compiled by the U. S. Department of Commerce. These were the only three countries in the area to reach the billion-dollar mark.

In the balance-of-trade picture, Venezuela's advantage—due primarily to her heavy petroleum shipments—was even more striking. Offsetting the exports cited above, she took in only \$819,622,500 worth of imports in 1954, while Brazil's amounted to \$1,633,500,000 and Argentina's to \$1,081,800.

In the first nine months of 1955, Venezuela led Brazil in sales to the United States, but larger coffee shipments in the final quarter may have changed the order. Mexico remained the biggest Latin American buyer of U. S. products.

Venezuela reports spending just over a billion dollars on public works in the three-year period 1953-55, with development of new farming areas, mining facilities, and highways going on apace.





Coffee heads U.S. imports from Latin America. Organized program to increase consumption would benefit all branches of Hemisphere trade

# give and take

## *Suggestions on building Hemisphere trade from the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs*

**HENRY F. HOLLAND**

IS PRIVATE ENTERPRISE in the United States doing its share to increase inter-American trade? Each of our exporters competes for a larger slice of the three-and-a-half-billion-dollar pie represented by our export market to the south. But should they not also try to make the pie larger?

*Texan* HENRY F. HOLLAND is a lawyer with wide experience in inter-American affairs and a fluent command of Spanish. At one time or another he has visited each of the twenty Latin American republics.

Primarily, of course, this is up to the businessman in Latin America. But I wonder if our exporters do not have just as big a stake as he in seeing that it is done successfully.

Every year the United States buys about three and a half billion dollars' worth of goods and services from Latin America, and those countries use the dollars so earned to buy about the same volume from us. This annual exchange of some seven billion dollars is greater than our trade with any other part of the world. It exceeds our trade with Canada or with Europe—or with

Asia, Africa, and Oceania combined. It represents 27.5 per cent of all our exports and 34.5 per cent of our imports.

To Latin America it is even more important. To say that it is 41 per cent of their exports and 57 per cent of their imports is to give only part of the picture. There is a large unsatisfied Latin American demand for U.S. exports, but purchases from us cannot appreciably exceed the dollars they earn by selling goods and services to us. The national economy of some of the countries is largely geared to production for export to the United States. It is no exaggeration to point out that if anything seriously adverse were to happen to the U.S. markets for their principal exports, economic and political chaos would follow in some countries in the area.

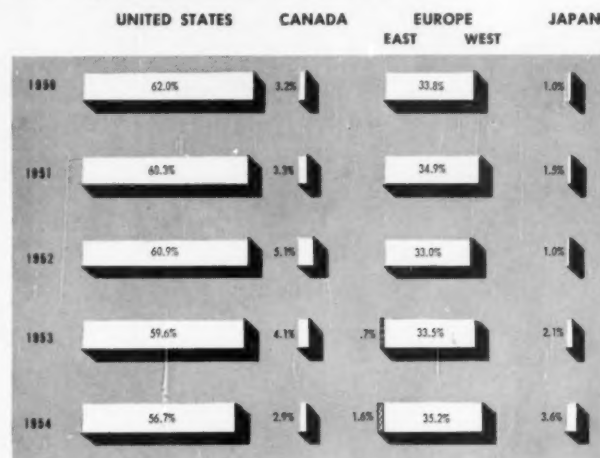
Our government's bipartisan policy of promoting inter-American trade, then, is easy to understand. The efforts of certain domestic producers to put competitive imports from Latin America at a disadvantage, through higher tariffs, reduced quotas, or other restrictive devices, are natural. But the greater national interest requires that we protect existing levels of international trade in the Hemisphere. To date the Administration and the Congress have successfully resisted every effort to reduce our imports of Latin America's major exports, and almost every one of those exports has come under fire. If this record is to be maintained, our voters must understand the importance of this wholesome policy and insist on it.

But preserving existing levels is not enough. Our national interest demands that we expand that trade. There is every reason to believe that it can be tremendously extended with commensurate benefits to all our peoples. Compare it, for example, with our Canadian trade. Thirty-four per cent of our imports come from Latin America and 23 per cent from Canada, a difference of 11 per cent. But look at the difference in the two trading partners. Geographically Latin America is more than twice as large as Canada. Its population of 174,000,000 people is almost twelve times that of Canada. The potential resources of the twenty Latin American republics enormously exceed those of our neighbor to the north. Consider the possibilities, then, of a fully developed trade with Latin America.

Our government has kept existing channels of trade open. It has been resourceful in devising tax and other incentives for U.S. capital to go into those areas of Latin America where local conditions are reasonably attractive and where foreign investors are welcome. It has effectively supplemented private sources of investment capital through a policy that has increased Export-Import Bank loan authorizations more than 500 per cent in the last fiscal year. It will participate in the International Finance Corporation, the proposed International Bank subsidiary designed to encourage the flow of private capital into economic development. Our government has offered generous credit facilities to help the U.S. exporter to compete with terms offered by suppliers from other countries. Where there is a legitimate relation to our national defense, we have purchased abroad for stockpile, thus multiplying the dollars available to buy our exports.

## LATIN AMERICA—IMPORTS

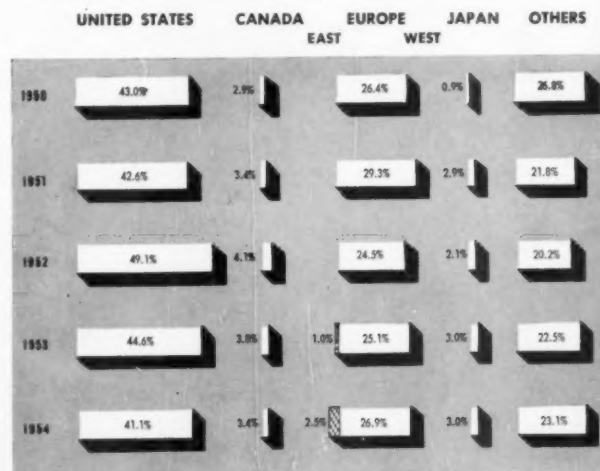
Percentages, based on dollars at current prices



SOURCE: Economic Commission for Latin America, based on official statistics of the United States and publications of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation.

## LATIN AMERICA—EXPORTS

Percentages, based on dollars at current prices



SOURCE: Economic Commission for Latin America, based on official statistics.

All these measures are helpful. But they alone will not produce the growth we all want in our inter-American trade. Indeed, no government can either create or sustain a strong and expanding international trade. We have the power to cripple it, and at times governments work in that direction. But trade means the production of goods, their transportation to markets, and their sale for consumption. Governments are, at best, high-cost producers. In times of peace they are not generally important as

consumers. The real producers and consumers are our people. Only they can produce and consume goods on a vast scale. The best way any government can strengthen trade is to encourage private enterprise to take the risks and to make the effort to produce more goods for consumption. This is essentially a supporting role. The real drive, resourcefulness, and direction must come from private business.

The United States businessman feels, and rightly, that he is one of the world's best merchandisers. His energies are devoted to creating new demands abroad for U.S. products, to introducing them into new markets, to devising new sales and credit procedures that will enable customers to buy more. He believes that both individually and along with his colleagues he is doing a completely effective job to increase our trade in the Hemisphere.

It is true that the dollar shortage in some Latin American countries has led them to impose restrictions, which channel their limited exchange reserves into the imports considered most essential and which have the effect of reducing sales by our businessman to a point where, in some cases, he may soon be out of the market. It would be fine for international trade if Latin America had ample reserves of dollars as she did just after the last war, when she could afford to pay for all those products she wants today and cannot buy. But most of us, recognizing that there is a dollar shortage in Latin America because she just does not sell enough goods for dollars, conclude that a problem exists that our exporters can do nothing about.

I am going to be presumptuous enough to observe that there is something U.S. exporters can do. They can de-

vote time, money, and effort to increasing our imports from Latin America.

Let us look at the entire group as one composite exporter, whose product, whether goods or services, is simply labeled "U.S. exports." Frankly, that composite exporter is not doing too well in Latin America because he is up against the stone wall of the dollar shortage. If by aggressive salesmanship our exporter boosts his sales of one product, his volume on some other will drop accordingly. His aggregate business cannot exceed that ceiling of dollar availability.

Our composite exporter can increase his over-all volume a little by offering credit terms and by arranging for his Latin American customers to borrow dollars. He looks to his government for help here. As you know, the response has been generous. The Export-Import Bank has been quite active in the field of exporter credits. Both it and the International Bank have substantially intensified their lending activities in Latin America. Last fiscal year the International Bank authorized new credits of about \$125,000,000—30 per cent of its total activities for the year. The Export-Import Bank authorized new credits in Latin America of \$284,000,000 or 58 per cent of its total loans. But loans are not a very satisfactory way to build up an export trade. Each dollar by which they increase sales in a current year must be subtracted from sales in some future year when the dollar is repaid. This burden of annual loan repayments to the Export-Import Bank and the International Bank combined takes a big share of Latin America's available dollars—about \$50,000,000 per year. This figure will go up substantially in the future as amortization payments fall due on loans made

*At recent Second International Trade Fair in Bogotá, Colombia, U.S. pavilion (center) housed biggest U.S. trade exhibit ever shown abroad*



during recent years and on loans yet to be made.

It seems to me that, rather than on credits, our composite U.S. exporter should concentrate attention on building up this good Latin American customer's earned income, which has been pretty constant around the three-and-a-half-billion-dollar mark for several years. How? In several ways. One, of course, is to buy more of his goods and services. It would appear to be good business for our exporters to look around for ways to stimulate U.S. consumption of the products we now import if we want to increase our exports.

I am not suggesting that our exporters take over the job of developing U.S. markets for Latin American products. However, I do believe that this is clearly another case in which by helping a Latin American interest we help our own.

Coffee is a good example. It is our largest U.S. import—about \$1,400,000,000 a year. We buy it from fourteen Latin American countries. In a sense, coffee sells itself in the United States. There is no coordinated industry-wide sales effort designed to increase our national consumption of the product.

If our coffee imports were to be increased by 10 per cent, certainly our exporters would benefit by about \$140,000,000 a year. Our composite U.S. exporter would do well, it seems to me, to consider the practicality of a cooperative effort with his opposite number in the Latin American coffee industry.

A second way is, of course, to find new sources of products for which there is today an unsatisfied demand in the United States. Copper is such an import. It is estimated that after a five-year development period the new two-hundred-million-dollar copper project in southern Peru will produce about 140,000 tons of copper a year. Even before the recent price rise, this would have boosted Peru's dollar income by about eighty-four million dollars a year. Whatever the price five years hence, our composite U.S. exporter can look forward to a substantially bigger market in Peru. The iron-ore development in northern Venezuela is another case in point. It will produce millions of tons per year for export.

A third way to increase our imports from Latin America is to find markets in the United States for new products that we have not traditionally imported. I was pleased to learn that U.S. private enterprise has contracted to purchase and import substantial quantities of natural gas from Mexico. Mexico's expanding reserves are big enough so that she can export gas without imperiling the supply of her own consumers. This contract, I believe, will mean an increase in Mexico's annual dollar income of more than five million dollars.

After the coffee industry, one of Latin America's biggest dollar earners is the U.S. tourist. He spends over \$450,000,000 a year in the area. Our composite U.S. exporter could profitably investigate ways of cooperating with our own authorities and those in Latin America who are promoting travel there.

Another way to build the income of our Latin American customers is to channel fresh supplies of development capital into the area. A new investment frequently means

the sale of capital equipment to establish a new industry, and industries strengthen the local economy. That, in turn, exerts a sound and lasting influence on our international trade.

As far as capital supply is concerned, U.S. private enterprise is measuring up well. There is an abundance of U.S. private capital available for investment abroad. Nor is there any scarcity of U.S. investors familiar with Latin America and willing to take an active part in its development. For example, in the Peruvian copper enterprise I mentioned, a hundred-million-dollar Export-Import Bank loan is being matched by a somewhat larger amount contributed by private investors.

I think it is fair to say that the flow of new investment capital in each country will be determined by the local government and people rather than by factors over which the United States has control. Regardless of the amounts of investment capital available, regardless of the interest that may exist among investors, and regardless of the incentives afforded by our own government, investment capital will not be forthcoming in any country unless local conditions are those required by private investors everywhere in the world.

Some may feel that these ideas have only an academic interest. It may be said that it is plausible but impractical for a government official to urge U.S. exporters to divert their attention from marketing their own products to find new markets in the United States for products of foreign exporters. Suppose the U.S. exporter stimulates U.S. tourist expenditure in some Latin American country. What assurance has he that a fair share of those new dollars will be spent to buy his products rather than those of his competitors? I can think of other problems that would complicate any joint or separate effort by the U.S. exporting community to expand U.S. exports by raising the dollar income of the Latin American customer. As always, though, the position is one of selecting between alternatives. Things can continue as they are, with Latin America's dollar income running at more or less constant levels and our exporters spending their time and energy competing for a larger piece of the three-and-a-half-billion-dollar export pie. On the other hand, they might well expand the size of that export pie—rather substantially. My own conviction is that the chance of winning justifies devoting some thought and time to the problem. A cooperative effort through our export business organizations—chambers of commerce, world trade councils, trade associations, or similar groups—to increase our imports from Latin America will, I am sure, pay off handsomely in increased exports to our twenty Latin American customers. Our exporters are the U.S. community with the greatest interest in boosting our inter-American trade. They probably know more about the factors that control and limit that trade than anyone here or abroad. They can probably make a unique contribution to building up our imports from Latin America.

I hope that the opportunity I have suggested is a provocative one. We in the government who are intensely interested in inter-American trade are ready to do what we can to help. ♦ ♦ ♦



# a community reborn

## HOW A SELFLESS BRAZILIAN REAWAKENED HER COUNTRYMEN

VIRGÍNIA LEFÈVRE

MY FIRST CONTACT with the northeast coast of São Paulo State ten years ago was a shock. I was on a camping trip with my husband, who, as head of the São Paulo Geographic and Geological Institute, was directing a survey of the area to settle a boundary question between the states of São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. Miles and miles of shining beaches backed by thickly wooded mountains rimmed the sea. In this setting of lush beauty we came upon a half-starved people living in thatch-roofed mud shacks, with a straw mat for a bed, a rustic bench, and a stove of three precariously balanced stones topped by a single pan or empty can. The rest of us *paulistas* had nicknamed these derelict coast dwellers *caçaras*—a word of various meanings, but here denoting idleness, apathy.

Ironically, the only mitigating factor in the human desolation we saw throughout the half dozen coastal

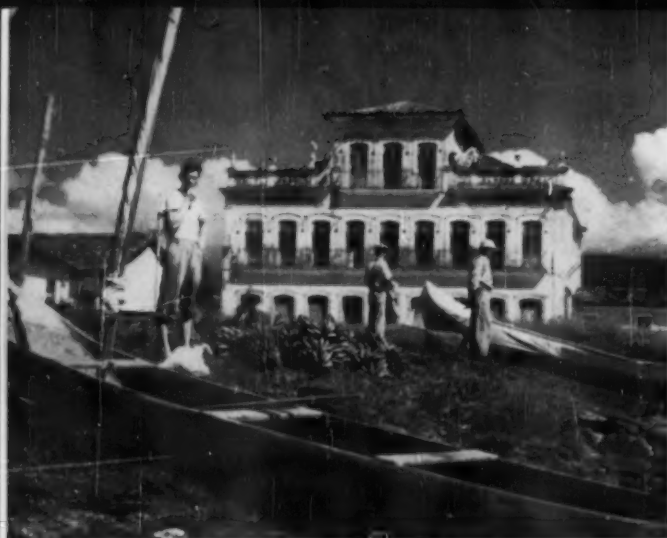
communities was its history: things were once different. Ubatuba, the largest settlement (current population 1,465), had flourished in its palmy days as a leading Brazilian seaport, as important then as Santos is today. Founded in 1600, Ubatuba (its Indian name means a place abounding in reeds used for making arrows) soon became the chief outlet for the rich agricultural lands of the Paraíba Valley and the gold of Minas Gerais. Exports were hauled down the mountains by mules, which were then reloaded with the heavy imported building stone, silk, salt, china, and other items of daily use from the outside world. Ubatuba had its own fleet, which plied the coast from the River Plate to Pernambuco. Many a French or British filibuster, after trading or pilfering in the area, chose to settle there or, shipwrecked along the coast, lingered on. Both ethnically and name-wise, the present population still shows traces of this remote ancestry, along with its Indian, Negro, and Portuguese legacy.

In 1788 the colonial governor of the São Paulo Captaincy General ordered all coastal traders to call at

*In addition to her work with the Society for Education and Health, which she founded, VIRGÍNIA LEFÈVRE of São Paulo writes children's books and translates English and French into her native Portuguese.*

*School at Almada, remote beach linked to Ubatuba only by rowboat trip through choppy coastal waters, is part of chain started by author*





*Fishing canoes at Ubatuba. Mansion in background built by rich Portuguese merchant is evidence of former prosperity*



*Beach-dwelling Ubatubans pull in their catch at dawn*

Santos, which was starving for supplies, and sell merchandise there before moving on. But the buyers in Santos would not pay the prices charged in Rio and other ports. Prominent Ubatubans protested through numerous petitions, but in vain. Finally they began to leave town, setting fire to their plantations near by. Meanwhile, Santos prospered and land routes into the interior were opened, further diverting whatever trade was left in Ubatuba. For years the disgruntled citizens persisted in their protests, but the port continued to decline until the arrival of the Portuguese Imperial Family in Rio in 1808, when trade restrictions were lifted.

With the introduction of coffee in the Paraíba Valley, Ubatuba prospered once more, and by 1865 it was exporting about half the coffee grown in the province. Toward the end of the century, growers in the valley formed a company with Ubatubans to build a railroad connecting the plantations with the port. But by that time coffee growing was on the downgrade, and the company went bankrupt. The station, and some of the construction work, still stand today.

Virtually cut off from the interior, Ubatuba went into its second decline. This time the people accepted

their lot with morbid indifference. Fortunately, sea and forest held food aplenty. The more energetic among them planted manioc, sugar cane, and coffee. Manioc, grated and freed of its poisonous juice, gave them a dry meal, which still forms the basis of their diet. From sugar cane they extracted a sweet liquid to mix with their coffee. And there was always fish.

Then the sauba ant began to plague their meager crops. Another scourge came in the form of large fishing boats from the outside, which swooped down to "corral" fish in the inlets. It was illegal, of course, but the unscrupulous owners, sitting at a comfortable distance in the big cities north or south, simply paid the fines whenever they were caught.

For years the *caiçaras* vegetated almost forgotten, trying to extract nourishment from soil and sea, or working in town as laborers on whatever public or private construction projects might be under way. The little they earned was hardly enough to buy candles, matches, salt, or kerosene. It is a miracle that the children, undernourished and vulnerable to disease, survived. At birth they seemed healthy and alert; they remained so as long as their mothers nursed them. (In the more remote spots the practice still prevails of spreading chimney soot on the newborn's navel, a superstition that more often than not has caused fatal infections.) But as soon as the child was put on the standard diet of manioc meal porridge and bananas, malnutrition set in.

The *caiçaras'* existence was enlivened only by occasional monotonous dancing to the beat of a drum and tambourine, African style, or by religious festivals that retained a flavor of the remote past. The sole outlet for their imagination was the superstition inherited from white, Indian, and Negro. They believed in the werewolf,



*Above: Humble home of a *caiçara*, the derogatory nickname for the people of the São Paulo State coast*



sea monsters, and mermaids. Through years of ignorance they had accumulated appalling recipes for the treatment of diseases, such as their antidote for snake bite: drinking kerosene with three garlic cloves mashed up in it.

In the early nineteen-forties the region was "discovered" by real-estate agents, who envisioned it as an ideal vacation spot. By threat and extortion they began to appropriate the *caçaras'* land, subdivide it, and sell it to people from the state capital. Tourists came, built homes, perhaps, which provided a few temporary jobs; but they never stayed and they never planted; they only intensified the food scarcity and pushed prices up.

This was the situation when I stumbled upon Ubatuba. The *caçara*, shy and suspicious at first, did not seem stupid to me; he was generally honest and he had possibilities. I had an idea. For the past three years, back home in São Paulo, half a dozen friends and I had been



The earliest classes at Sertão de Ubatumirim were held in this hut

trying to help those gifted children who, for lack of means, would be forced to cut their education short in order to help support their families. We had selected five of the more intelligent youngsters among the poorest in the public schools and, with a little money contributed by ourselves, our families, and friends, were putting them through high school and providing medical, dental, and financial aid for their families. To show what goodwill can accomplish, even with meager funds, we formed the Sociedade Pró-Educação e Saúde (Society for Education and Health). Why not extend its services to the Ubatuba area by opening a school there? The São Paulo State social service program was overburdened. Here, then, was an opportunity for a private group to help raise the living standard of a few families and, in time, through their influence, reap a rewarding harvest.

Little did I know what I was getting into. Back in São Paulo, it was much harder than I expected to raise more funds. Most people flatly refused to help the "lazy, indifferent, and useless *caçaras*." We even lost one of our most generous contributors. But we never stopped trying to convince the *paulistas* that the *caçara* only needed a push to reassert himself.

My co-workers in the society, mostly housewives like

me, could not leave town for long, which meant that they would raise money while I tackled the job in Ubatuba as best I could. Not the least of my troubles was my husband's opposition; he felt that such an ambitious program would endanger my health. But he later came around and was my staunchest supporter. Through his government contacts, he opened the way for me to enlist the cooperation of the authorities.

I also met with considerable initial resistance from the *caçaras*. Some of the more enlightened were enthusiastic about a school, even requesting medicines and a doctor, but others were understandably suspicious. It seemed to me that health precautions must come first, but when I suggested building outhouses, they became indignant. "It's immoral," they said; the woods were much more decent. But with patience and a few wooden boxes, we eventually persuaded them.

Their needs seemed endless. Most of the children had



Second school at Caçandoca opened when word of first got around

to walk about a mile to school; many were too weak or sickly. Those who ate breakfast at all had only a morsel of dried fish and a swallow of coffee. In addition to the school building and equipment, teachers' living quarters, and teaching materials (paper, pencils, books, ink, and so on), we therefore had to furnish lunch, trying to fill in their diet deficiencies with vegetables, meat, vitamins, and tonics. Another expensive item was replacing their tattered clothes with the navy trousers or skirts and white blouses school children are required to wear in Brazil.

But these were relatively minor obstacles compared to enrollment. Once the parents had been won over, children came in droves to be enrolled, which, under Brazilian law, requires a birth certificate. Needless to say, they had none. Nor were many of the parents legally married or even familiar with the procedure. They had merely received the collective blessing of a priest who ventured into that wilderness about once a year. The only way to avoid the stigma of illegitimacy on the birth certificate (the law has since been changed, but at the time this specification was required) was to marry off the parents.

Those were discouraging days. I lived in a shack and slept on a straw mat with a flashlight by my side in case



Octogenarian René Vigneron, with fair complexion of his French ancestors, still remembers Ubatuba's golden days



A young teacher serves vitamin-rich soup to supplement school children's meager home diet

a rat, snake, or spider should intrude. But I loved the countryside and the sea, and I don't mind sleeping on the floor. Most of the time exhaustion overcame fear, and I slept peacefully.

I spent the days taking down the names of the prospective brides and grooms. All were illiterate. Most were ignorant of their birth date. Many did not know their parents' names; several had two different surnames. In despair, I chose whatever significant dates seemed to please them—usually a national holiday or saint's day. After long consultations with the oldest inhabitants, I selected the year that seemed most accurate. All was recorded on a blank sheet, which was then "signed" by the man or woman with the right thumbprint.



With birth and marriage certificates, the people acquired legal status; the wily real-estate agents could no longer cheat them out of their land. To make sure, I persuaded some to apply for ownership under squatters' rights.

The modest little school finally opened in 1946 on Itaguá Beach, about two miles from town, on a lot donated by Mr. Braulio Santos, one of the more fortunate Ubatubans. But it was soon overflowing with children, exceeding the legal limit of forty per class. When the youngsters' relatives in the Caçandoca section heard about it, they requested a school for their children. It opened in 1949. The word spread. The following year Ubatuba's municipal government authorized a third in the isolated community of Camburí, in 1951 a fourth in Almada, and in 1954 a fifth in the Sertão de Ubatumirim. All were built and maintained by our society, with the Ubatuba municipality contributing the teachers' salaries. In 1953 São Paulo State recognized our work by providing state subsidies; they now pay the teachers' salaries in our first two schools. All the schools receive the annual visit of the state inspector, and the curriculum is identical with that of any public primary school. In 1954 enrollment totalled over two hundred pupils (my statistics are woefully inadequate, since I have no help in keeping them up to date and the other work always seems more urgent).

Our schools are not confined to the child or the classroom, but reach out to other members of the family—about six hundred in all. Night classes are offered to combat illiteracy and teach skills that will raise the living standard. The schools also teach sanitation; they distribute insecticides to combat the sauba ant, and encourage crop diversification; they distribute medicines and show the mothers how to prepare better-balanced meals and how to sew on the machine; they give the men thread for fishing nets and parts for their home-made fishing boats.

Recently with the proceeds our society received from a benefit concert in São Paulo we bought an outboard motor for one of the boats so that the crop-growers could sell foodstuffs directly in the open market to the *caíçaras* of Itaguá at lower prices than the local stores.

Our superior teaching equipment has proved attractive to young city teachers just out of school. Three of our schools have graduate teachers; the other two have lay instructors—local girls we sent to a convent in Santos for special training. We prefer that the area girls teach their own people; three more are living in my home in São Paulo preparing to do just that.

Long ago I realized that the job on the northeast coast had grown too big for us to handle. Our society had proved its point—that devotion can accomplish a lot on little money, and that the *caíçara* will respond when he is healthier and better fed, and has at least a little education. I am in touch with a group of missionary friars to whom I can eventually pass on the direction of the program while I continue to lend a hand. Under the aegis of the Church, the friars can carry on the work on a much larger scale. ♦ ♦ ♦

Father João Beil, during one of his infrequent visits to the wilderness, baptizes baby; youngsters are healthy until weaned





# Scaling the Andes

## PERU BECKONS MOUNTAINEERS

GEORGE I. BELL

ALMOST EVERY MOUNTAIN CLIMBER has a pet range he prefers for one reason or another. My favorite peaks are the lofty Peruvian Andes, second in height only to the mountains of central Asia. I like them because they are neither too easy nor too hard, because they are ice-sheathed and beautiful, because the weather is favorable and the land friendly. They are wild enough, and one may wander back into high, unknown valleys, rimmed with handsome untried summits yet only a day or two by foot from a pleasant village.

Few mountain areas are so endowed. Consider the great Himalayan peaks, rising upward to the limits of human endurance and swept by pitiless storms. To attempt their ascents can only be a struggle, a dedication of body and soul. The mountains of Alaska, Canada, New Zealand—or the Southern Andes for that matter—are often plagued by bad weather, and the mountaineer must come prepared to wait through long periods of rain and snow before he can even see his peak. The Alps I dismiss as too well known and civilized, an evident prejudice. Most other mountains are too easy to climb.

For a long time the mountaineering world pictured the high Andes as a series of lofty peaks with gentle contours; the main problem in an ascent was thought to

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*Physicist GEORGE I. BELL, who is associated with the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico, learned the techniques of mountain climbing while a student at Harvard. Since then he has climbed in both North and South America and reached an altitude of about 25,500 feet in the Himalayas on K2, the world's second highest mountain.*

*Author's climbing party crosses beautiful but treacherous fairyland of ice in ascent of 20,551-foot Salcantay*



*Town of Chiquián nestles below Cordillera de Huayhuash, topped by Yerupajá (21,758 feet), in center*

be simply walking uphill at a high altitude. Such impressions reached European climbers from the ascents of Cotopaxi and Chimborazo in Ecuador by Whymper in 1880, and of Aconcagua, in Argentina near the Chilean border, by Fitzgerald's party in 1897. Little did mountaineers suspect that scores of peaks lay waiting in Peru with the precipitous contours of Alpine summits, altitudes higher than Chimborazo's and close to Aconcagua's continental high point at 23,081 feet, and ice formations unequaled elsewhere on this planet.

During the early years of this century a remarkable person in search of the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere disturbed the isolation of the Peruvian Cordillera. Miss Annie Peck by name, this incredible lady was a teacher of Latin at a college for young ladies in Massachusetts, and at over fifty years of age attempted the ascent of Huascarán, 22,205 feet, the highest peak in Peru. More surprising still, she reached a height above twenty thousand feet with her European guides. Then for twenty-four years Huascarán and the magnificent Cordillera Blanca it dominates slumbered inviolate.

Finally, in 1932 and 1936, German-Austrian expeditions, including mountain climbers, cartographers, and other scientists, called attention to the splendid climbing in the Cordillera Blanca. One of the world's best climbers, Erwin Schneider, accompanied those expeditions; the photographs and glowing reports he and his companions brought back fired the imaginations of mountaineers throughout the world. At least a dozen expeditions have followed, from the United States, France,

Italy, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, and Austria. I have been a member of three North American climbing expeditions to Peru—in 1950, 1952, and 1954—and each trip has left me eager to return.

That country's best climbing is to be found in four cordilleras formed from hard rock and sculptured into bold relief by glacial action. First and foremost is the Cordillera Blanca, a range approximately one hundred miles long that parallels the coast about fifty miles inland, with its center two hundred miles north of Lima. Most of the highest peaks in the Cordillera Blanca have now been climbed; many of the rest are virtually impossible to scale. Just south of the Cordillera Blanca lies the Cordillera de Huayhuash, a compact group of first-class peaks that includes the second highest summit in Peru, Yerupajá (21,758 feet). I was with the team that made the first ascent of Yerupajá in 1950. Even now, only about half the high peaks of the Cordillera de Huayhuash have been conquered. Among those still untouched is Jirishanca, a wonderful horn-shaped ice sheath. It was a color photograph of that spire looming above a clear blue lake fringed with rich meadows that first lured me to Peru.

The two other principal Peruvian cordilleras have yet to be thoroughly explored: the Cordillera Vilcabamba and the Cordillera Vilcanote near Cuzco. Salcantay (20,551 feet), Queen of the Vilcabamba, was first climbed in 1952; Ausangate (20,187 feet), culmination of the Vilcanote, in 1953.

Climbing is especially pleasant in Peru because of the

splendid weather during the dry season. In most of the big mountains of the world terrible storms continually threaten to sweep down and blanket the peaks with fresh snow, so prone to avalanche. No one enjoys climbing in foul weather. But in the Peruvian Andes, day after day of almost cloudless skies is usual from June through August. During the five months I spent there I can recall only a single storm that deposited more than a few inches of snow on the mountains.

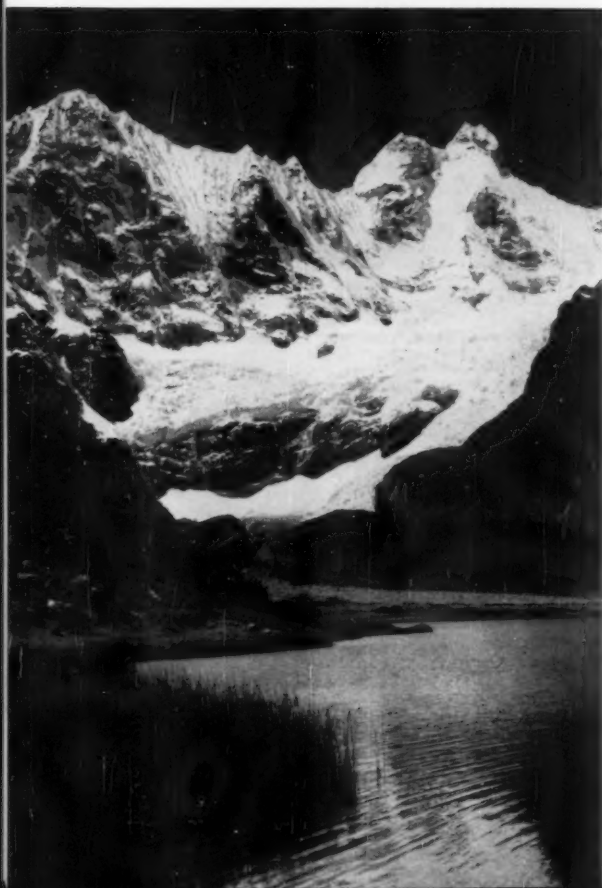
Prevailing winds are from the east, and any bad weather comes out of the Amazon basin. Oddly enough, almost all the snow falls during the season one would normally think of as summer south of the equator. Roughly from October to April, ponderous moisture-laden clouds are driven by the wind across the jagged ridges. Then heavy snows accumulate on the peaks and in the higher valleys, consolidating into ice and forming the myriad glaciers that blanket the cordilleras down to about fifteen thousand feet.

Because the winds and precipitation always come from the same direction, ice masses that are beautiful to behold but treacherous to scale tend to form on the exposed ridges. Most conspicuous are the gigantic cornices, the biggest in the world—crests of ice shaped like breaking waves.

Some of the largest have formed on Yerupaja, with ice crests over a hundred feet from the nearest supporting rock. They are so huge that it seems impossible for the



*Climbers must step carefully to get across crevasses like this one near Camp I on Salcantay*



weight of a human to disturb them. But time and again cornices have broken out from under climbers. In 1949 three Swiss mountaineers were attempting to scale the beautiful Alpamayo peak in the Cordillera Blanca when a giant cornice fifty feet across began to crumble beneath them. By amazing good fortune they were able to keep above the countless tons of ice and snow and, after sliding some six hundred feet down a steep snow slope, all got out alive.

Perhaps the most remarkable cornice accident happened in 1950, when two climbers in our team who made the first ascent of Yerupaja, Jim Maxwell and David Harrah, were returning from the summit along a badly corniced ridge. A sheer precipice of ice and vertical rock dropped away on either side for more than a mile. Suddenly, without warning, the cornice split off. The break occurred between Dave's feet and he spun downward into space. Jim and Dave were tied together with a 150-foot nylon rope. Fortunately, Jim's reactions were swift. Before Dave had reached the end of his fall, his quick-thinking companion had plunged off the opposite side of the ridge and braced himself for the shock. The rope held and both men lived to climb again. (Not all cornice accidents end happily. In 1954 two Austrian climbers fell thousands of feet to their death while attempting the second ascent of Salcantay along a corniced ridge.)

In recent years many Peruvians have turned to the sport of Andinism, joining the scores of mountaineers from other nations who come to test their skill and

daring. Of course, an ascent should not be undertaken without special equipment, skill, and training. One needs ice axes and crampons (frames with iron spikes attached to one's boots) to negotiate the steep ice slopes, and appropriate equipment for spending the night high on the ice.

Below the level of glaciers and in the lower valleys, we generally use burros or porters to carry our equipment and supplies, and a comfortable camp is usually established close to the lower edge of the glacier. Beyond this point one higher camp, or on the major peaks two, must be pitched on the snow before the summit is within striking distance. If the climbing is not too difficult, porters may carry supplies to these higher camps as well. We have always tried to reach the summit and return to our highest camp in one day, for nights spent without shelter on an Andean peak are long, frigid, and likely to result in frostbite.

Our 1954 eight-man ascent of Chopicalqui, one of the highest and most beautiful peaks of the Cordillera Blanca, illustrates the logistics involved. A large glacier cascades down the northwest side of the 21,000-foot mountain, and we planned to ascend it to a ridge that we could follow to the summit. We pitched our first camp in a pleasant meadow beside the glacier's snout. A brook flowed through camp, flowers abounded, and life was easy. Before the porters had finished stocking Camp I, we had a reconnaissance team of two men selecting a route across the glacier and up rock slopes to a good site for Camp II. Then, during the two days it took the four porters and six climbers to carry loads to Camp II, the other two climbers were exploring more difficult terrain above. By this means the route to a higher camp was explored before heavy supplies were carried up.

Between Camp II and our High Camp on the ridge, the route lay through a scenic icefall wonderland, honeycombed with crevasses and beautifully decked with ice castles and battlements. Fortunately, our advance party

*David Harrah blows up an air mattress at High Camp of Harvard Expedition on Yerupaja. Mountain in background is Jirishanca*



found a fairly easy path through this maze. We marked the intricate, winding route with wooden wands; in the steeper portions we cut many steps in the ice and fixed a rope to long aluminum stakes driven in the snow to serve as a handrail for the porters. Of course, in such terrain each climber and porter is always roped to his companions; should he slip into a hidden crevasse, he will not fall far and can be pulled out. With some difficulty we finally persuaded the porters to carry about forty pounds each to the ridge, about ten pounds more than each of our own packs weighed. The porters then descended to Camp II to await our return from the summit.

At High Camp we had tents, gasoline stoves, food for eight men for three days, air mattresses, down sleeping bags, and a large amount of climbing gear. We left at dawn for the summit, which still rose 2,440 feet above us. At first the climbing was slow and laborious as we plowed through deep, soft snow. Higher, the slope steepened, the surface became firm, and we were forced to kick steps in hard snow or to cut them in ice with our



*Chacaraju (20,300 feet), unclimbed and unattempted, is one of the most difficult peaks to scale in all the Andes*

axes. We proceeded cautiously, for on either side the flanks of the ridge fell away precipitously to dark valleys thousands of feet below. Just beneath the summit we came to a particularly steep section, which I feared for a time might stop us. However, it was easier than it looked, and with some effort I carved a staircase. By two o'clock in the afternoon all eight of us had reached the peak. Unfortunately, wind-driven clouds obscured the view, so there was little incentive to linger, and we lost no time in descending to High Camp.

The ascent of Chopicalqui was ideal in many respects. Camp-building proceeded without a hitch. We found climbing that was enough of a challenge to be interesting, but not so severe as to require siege tactics. But sometimes ascents are hindered by high winds or fresh snow. Or often the climbing becomes difficult (technical, we say), and several days must be spent hacking a staircase up steep ice slopes or preparing fixed ropes to aid men



climbing with packs. For this technical climbing we have never used porters.

On Salcantay we were obliged to cut well over a thousand steps in ice to reach the summit from High Camp.



*Ridges offer a natural route to summit—but watch out for ice cornices that may break off under your feet*

And for nearly a week, each night when we returned to camp after hours of cutting steps, fresh snow would blot them out. It was tedious work, and when we finally reached the top, we had to spend the night in a crevasse near the summit. On our climb of Huandoy, second highest peak of the Cordillera Blanca, we spent three days preparing fixed ropes on steep rock below High Camp.

But these were exceptionally difficult climbs. On the easier peaks, a party is usually able to establish its series of camps, make the summit without much delay, and return to the valleys to recuperate and prepare for new efforts.

Peruvians have become familiar with climbing techniques by working with the European expeditions as porters. They obtained some equipment from visiting expeditions and from these patterns have improvised ice axes and crampons on local forges. From modest begin-

nings on small peaks, they have been growing in experience as high altitude climbers. In the past two years a number of Peruvian parties have climbed Huascarán, and it probably will not be long until they will be capable of escorting beginners safely up most of the high peaks. After all, the Swiss did not take up climbing the high Alps until Englishmen had started it, and now the Swiss guide is legendary for his prowess. Nor did the Sherpas climb the Himalayas.

The most popular center of Andinism in Peru is Huaraz, near the Cordillera Blanca, where the Grupo Andinista de la Cordillera Blanca has been active for a number of years. Other climbing groups have started in Lima and Cuzco.

If you are not interested in technical climbing but merely in seeing, perhaps photographing, the great peaks, and roaming among the high valleys, there is nothing easier—if you are in Peru, in good health, and have a little time to spare. From Lima you can drive to Huaraz for the Cordillera Blanca or to Chiquián for the Cordillera de Huayhuash in a single day, or alternatively you can fly to Cuzco via Faucett Airlines to approach the more unexplored Cordilleras, the Vilcabamba and Vilcanote. From these towns it is only a day or two by horseback before you are among the highest peaks. This is in tremendous contrast to the approaches to the Himalayas or the mountains of Alaska, where two-week-long treks are the rule. But don't rush things. The finest high valleys are at twelve to fifteen thousand feet, and no one can come to these altitudes from sea level and move about easily without a day or two of acclimatization. So become acquainted with Huaraz or Cuzco. Visit the markets and churches. Perhaps at the end of that time you won't thrive on a fast game of soccer, as the natives do, but you should be able to put in a good day's walk or ride without discomfort.

Mountaineers who have climbed in Peru speak of its peaks in glowing terms, and many have returned to climb again. The high valleys of the Peruvian Cordillera are both accessible and sublimely beautiful. Very likely I shall yield to their charms once again in the near future. I certainly recommend them to you. ♦ ♦ ♦

*Cordillera Vilcabamba from the air. Only one of the peaks shown has been climbed; many are totally unexplored*





# Miss World

RAFAEL PINEDA

SUSANA DULJM (Carmen Susana Duijm Arreaza Zubillaga, according to the birth certificate issued in Caracas nineteen years ago) measures thirty-four inches at the bust, thirty-four at the hips, and twenty-one at the waist. What the judges who elected her Miss World of 1955 in London last October could not measure was her tropical temperament. This is apparent in her disturbing feline movements and wildly capricious decisions and is accentuated by the raven-black hair that falls down her back, stirring like a flag in the wind. Passing through Paris in triumph, Susana promised Jacques Fath's widow she would model a number in her salon to satisfy the curiosity of three hundred members of European high society. When the moment came for her appearance, displeased with the outfit they "threw on her," as she expressed it, she roundly refused to step out of the dressing room. All the beseechings of the French dressmakers failed in the face of the iron will of Miss World. And while the elegant, hoarse chatter of the audience grew louder, Susana

changed out of the brocade into her wool suit and calmly went out to stroll the boulevards with her court of Venezuelan friends. When her mother read the news in the Caracas papers, her comment was one that, perhaps better than any other, defines her daughter's impetuous spirit: "Susana has always been very independent."

This characteristic, allied with her unusual dark beauty that has changed traditional standards of judgment, has made Susana an energetic girl who goes straight to what she plans. Last July, in Long Beach, California, she placed sixteenth in the Miss Universe contest. When she returned to Caracas, Mecca Dancing, Ltd., cabled her an invitation to take part in the Miss World competition. Susana said to herself: "Here's my chance." She got her godmother, Mrs. Lola de Gutiérrez Alfaro, the wife of the Minister of Health, to pay her traveling expenses, and forty-eight hours later she climbed down into the foggy midnight of London, with no one there to meet her, since she was a week ahead of the Mecca appointment. "Lost—A Queen," the British press reported. Because of her surprising promptness, and almost unintentionally, Susana caught the fancy of the English, a publicity feat that takes on double significance when you remember that this happened during the days when the island was

RAFAEL PINEDA is the pen name of the Venezuelan poet Rafael Angel Díaz Sosa. He is on the editorial staff of *El Farol*, the Creole Petroleum Corporation magazine published in Caracas.



*Back home from London, where staid Brits had phonetically acclaimed her their "dweem" girl, Susana Duijm receives rousing welcome from her countrymen at Caracas airport*

wrapped up body and soul in the romance of Princess Margaret and Group Captain Townsend.

From then on, this daughter of a Dutch father and Venezuelan mother lived a twentieth-century Cinderella story. At a dance held by the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, in South Pier Ballroom, a thousand visiting Russian sailors surrounded the Caracas beauty shouting in throaty voices, "Da! Da! Da . . . ah [Yes]!" After midnight, on one of the few occasions in her life when she has felt that the situation was too much for her strength—and her extraordinary ability as a dancer—she gave up in the face of the "practical impossibility" of teaching the Russians the steps of the mambo. In the House of Commons, the little devil inside her was aroused at the mere thought of what would happen if she sat down on the front benches of the Labourites or the Conservatives—something even the Queen is forbidden to do, she explains. At a dinner for the twenty-three beauties entered in the contest, Susana lit a cigarette at the very moment when the master of ceremonies asked the girls not to smoke, because they were going to make a toast to the Queen. Miss Venezuela swallowed the smoke and endured the protocol with the face of an angel. Her comment on the English: "They are very nice, very good people."

Susana's legs, like her name, are long, in proper proportion to her height of five feet eight. Their well-turned lines so impressed Gloria Swanson, a member of the jury, that she voted for her with this explanation: "Her legs are very pretty." When they read the final verdict in her favor, Susana felt a chill run up her spine. She is annoyed when people ask her if she cried when she heard the decision. "I never cry," she haughtily asserts.

In addition to "a tremendous fatigue," she took away from the contest five hundred pounds (\$1,400); an eighteen-pound silver loving cup; a red Triumph TR3 sports car, now on the high seas bound for Caracas; an Olympian scorn for Miss France, who hysterically declared, "The decision was ridiculous"; and suitcases full

of European newspaper and magazine clippings that "are no good for anything." "I'll keep the cup, because it's good for my morale," she said.

Meanwhile, Susana, hitherto a Caracas office worker, is preparing to go to Mexico to make a movie, although she is completely ignorant of the terms of the contract signed for her by a friend (the beauty queens hereabouts are still unaware of that rare North American species, the publicity agent). She also maintains that she knows nothing whatever about her alleged romantic attachment to the North American "Swede" Rumdquist, an employee of an oil company in San Tomé, Anzoátegui State, whom the Venezuelan press has dubbed "Mr. World." At the mention of the supposed betrothal, she replies: "No marriage." But during the exultant reception Caracas gave her, "Mr. World" was at her side every minute.

♦ ♦ ♦

*A few days earlier, she had been crowned "Miss World" by actress Eunice Gayson in London's Lyceum Ballroom*





# Quito's

## carpets

THAT DAY IN 1955 when the Mazaquiza brothers, Baltazar and Mariano, broke down and cried as they left the Ecuadorean Institute of Anthropology and Geography in Quito marked one more victory in its five-year struggle to overcome Indian bitterness that stemmed from centuries of exploitation. The brothers, Salasaca Indians from Tungurahua Province, had won scholarships to study new weaving techniques in the Institute's textile shop and were returning to their village to pass them on to others. Their tears were touching evidence of their new-found friendship with the white man.

The handiwork of these and other scholarship winners—rugs, tapestries, blankets, and fabrics—has been on display at the Pan American Union in Washington. The Institute's Museum of Ethnology also sent groups of life-size figures in authentic costume, with utensils and musical instruments, representing various Indian tribes and a Negro family of the Chota region. These, as well as the small-scale models of dwellings shown with them, are part of a collection that is to be expanded to include all the ethnic types of Ecuador.

Along with the exhibition came two Institute officials. Alfredo Costalés Samaniego, chief of the Archeology Section, has decidedly Indian features and speaks the Quechua language as well as he does Spanish—"and sometimes better." Angel Barriga Barriga, not so markedly Indian as Costales, is chief of the Small Rural Industry Section, which operates the weaving shop. The showing was sponsored by OAS Ambassador José R. Chiriboga of Ecuador, the Institute of Anthropology and Geography,

*Huachi dancer from Tungurahua Province, Ecuador, one of life-size wood sculptures on exhibit at Pan American Union*



# magic

**Part of Ecuadorean drive to erase  
the bitterness of centuries**

and the Organization of American States.

The Institute, established in 1950, is a private organization, but subsidized by the Ecuadorean Government. The case of the Mazaquizas was only one triumph. In 1952 it was instrumental in bringing a group of once reluctant Salasacas to Quito to dance at the Central University during the First Exposition of Popular Manual Arts. "A real achievement," said Costales, "considering the Indians' resistance to change and the initial difficulties we had selling the idea of the scholarships."

Concessions have been made on both sides. The Indians leave their beloved villages, and the Institute offers what might be called a "family scholarship," since the Indians dislike being separated. According to Angel Barriga, they are model students, eager to try new methods. But in some instances there is little to be taught. After all, museums throughout the world display blankets and ponchos of still brilliant colors woven by the students' pre-Conquest ancestors. Lately, however, many Indian weavers have taken to using chemical dyes, and the Institute encourages them to return to the traditional vegetable dyes and pre-Hispanic methods of application.

As for spinning and weaving, up-to-date techniques are far superior. Spinning a pound of wool used to require eight days by hand, with a *huango* or spindle; now it takes only eight hours. Both Costales and Barriga modestly deny that this progress has been "miraculous" and admit early setbacks were due to "lack of knowledge." The blanket with pumas and a warrior in the design pictured here can now be made in eight eight-

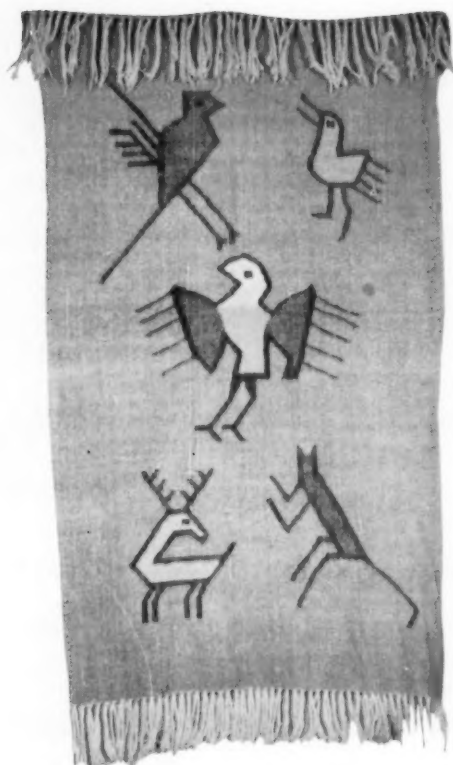


*Rug showing dancer opposite was hand-woven by Indian scholarship winner at Institute of Anthropology and Geography*

Contemporary sun-worship motif from Yumbo culture in western Ecuador. Tapestry background is gray, with black, white, and russet design



Taken from pre-Columbian clay bas-relief, rug design includes octopus and bat in black, white, and gray. Fabric has about four thousand knots per square foot



Bird-and-deer design on rug is taken from motif used in Salasaca festival costume. Colors are brown, blue, and white

Colorful rug in gray, rust, yellow, and white displays archeological motif from Manteño group in Manabí Province in western Ecuador



Archeological theme of pumas and warrior decorates throw

hour working days and costs around seven hundred sucres (the free exchange rate is 17.5 sucres for one dollar). The first one made in the shop took thirty days and cost four thousand sucres! "It was expensive," agreed the two Institute representatives, "but it was worth it."

While Alfredo Costales explained the origin of the designs on the pieces that adorned the walls of the exhibition hall, his colleague mentioned that he selects the motifs, which usually meet with the Indians' approval, though they sometimes suggest minor changes. Both Costales and Barriga feel that this frankness is further proof that the students no longer mistrust white men. The longer the Indians stay at the shop, they say, the warmer the personal relations. This change in attitude is, in the opinion of the exhibition organizers, the Institute's greatest single accomplishment.

All phases of the program are designed to win over the Indians. Apprentices are paid four hundred sucres a month (to be sent home if they wish) and given room and board. Master weavers receive from six to seven hundred sucres. Everyone enjoys the benefits of social security, an annual bonus equal to half a month's salary, two weeks' vacation with pay, and a guaranteed weekly wage.

The Muenala family—mother, father, and six children, one of them married—received the first scholarship. Afterward they set up their own weaving shop in Quito and began to sell their wares to independent merchants. "Today they are richer than the Institute," commented Costales. The Muenalas adhere to tradition in many respects—in their dress, for example; but in others, they

INSTITUTO ECUATORIANO  
DE ANTROPOLOGIA  
Y GEOGRAFIA



*Tag that identifies all handiwork from Institute weaving shop*

through: an agreement between the Ecuadorean Government and the International Labour Office. Today there is still a third, in Otavalo, maintained by the U.S. Point Four Program. The Institute is working hard to coordinate the three centers.

Costales and Barriga, both graduates of the Institute's first training course for field agents, moved slowly about the room discussing the handsome pieces on view. They pointed out the contemporary Cañari design, a bird on a red background, decorating a shawl; the Manabitas warriors, copied from pre-Inca jewelry, on a piece of dress material; and the puma, a totemic animal, reproduced from a pre-Columbian necklace, on the dark background of one of the rugs. They emphasized the marvels of a



*Shown here on a red shawl, this contemporary design appears mostly on belts or saddlebags made by Cañari Indians in southern Ecuador*

prefer the modern. Among their prized possessions are typewriters, sewing machines, cameras, and two radios, one a portable to take along on trips to their native village of Peguche in Imbabura Province. The shop strives to make all the weavers potentially as prosperous as the Muenalas.

But Institute aims are not limited to weavers. For the time being, the main emphasis is on "The Integral Plan for Rural Rehabilitation," which deals with the complex social and economic questions affecting all the rural residents of Ecuador. In 1955 another textile center, with Institute-trained weavers, began operations in Quito,

craft that no one knows better than the Indians; and they stressed that right now the Ecuadorean weavers are most in need of someone to find markets for their products, both at home and abroad.

There are more than twenty thousand families engaged in weaving in Ecuador, yet the country imports carpets from Asia. Rugs from far-off, exotic lands, when right there, on the ruins of the great pre-Columbian cultures and in the shadow of the colonial towers of one of the cities of the Inca Empire, the deft fingers of Indians from Imbabura, Pichincha, and Tungurahua weave the threads of Quito's magic carpets. ♦ ♦ ♦

# THE WALL

a short story by

**RODOLFO VINACUA**

illustrated by

**STEPHEN KRAFT**



THE LOT was no more than about thirty-six feet deep and twenty-four across, but that small rectangle was big enough to harbor Pedro Lizaga's happiness. Those walls, raised almost miraculously, were the fulfillment of an old desire, a cherished dream, which, once realized, made him break into a smile: to be able to lift his eyes and see the sky and thus cleanse his vision, sullied by the wretched image of the small inside apartment. There he had taken his bride, and there his two daughters, Beatriz and María, and the youngest child, Jorge, had been born, miserably overcrowding the cramped quarters.

The little house had a garden in front and a path along the side that led to the back yard, where he could plant his family garden and where the two small orange trees would cast their shade. From the head of the walk Pedro Lizaga surveyed his property and knew that it surpassed everything he had ever wished for. Fortune could vary, his luck could turn for the worse as it had so many times in the past, but now the house was there, something solid and final.

Inside, the chatter of the mother and two daughters,

*Argentine* RODOLFO VINACUA is the author of a book of short stories, *Gente Así*. He also writes for newspapers and magazines and teaches Spanish language and literature in a Córdoba secondary school. The drawings are by STEPHEN KRAFT, Washington illustrator and designer.

punctuated by laughter, sounded from room to room. The early-morning moving had not tired them, and they wandered about, painstakingly trying to arrange the scattered furniture, emptying baskets, filling cupboards and closets. Time after time, debating pros and cons, they changed the arrangement, which had been discussed so often in the old apartment.

Much to Pedro Lizaga's pleasure, everything was assuming unity and harmony. The small activities, the hardships of the day, the warm shaft of sunlight dancing at his feet, his wife's and daughters' laughter, all were becoming part of a new outlook, a new life, and the discovery brought him unutterable joy. He sat down on a pile of bricks and just then, again looking toward the back yard, spied Jorge's small figure. The boy was sitting on the ground, with his legs clutched against him and his chin on his knees.

At that moment, Pedro Lizaga understood that cruelty has countless forms. That the happiness he felt was but a deception, a sham contrived by innumerable circumstances. That the grievous, incomprehensible mystery that had been born among them nine years before and shrouded Jorge's mind inexorably blocked his fondest hopes and plans.

\* \* \*

There was a low iron railing between the house and the street, and a painted wall marked the boundaries of



the lot. The clear yellow surface of the back wall had attracted little Jorge from the moment the sun had begun to illuminate things, allowing him to appreciate their exact forms and true colors. Then he had assumed his favorite posture, resting his chin on his knees. This way he felt more comfortable, his head seemed less heavy, and he wasn't plagued by the dizziness that often made him grab at things to keep from falling.

As the sun rose, the color of the wall took on a marvelous sheen. Jorge's gentle eyes stared at it, and the clean surface, still free from the ravages of use and the stains of time, gave him the feeling of a cool bath. "Smooth, smooth," he thought. He felt supremely happy.

A short while before, they had wakened him. Mama had begun to dress him, while the girls ran back and forth, gay and laughing, and Papa went happily through the old apartment, looking in the corners. Then they had all left. Mama, Beatriz, and María had taken a streetcar. He and Papa—Papa always held him on his lap—had sat next to the truck driver. All their belongings were piled into that truck, and, once in the cab, Jorge remembered his tricycle, the box where he kept old magazines, and the two bottles of soda water he had sneaked from the kitchen. He looked at Papa, and that was enough. Papa assured him that everything was there, that he himself had carefully put his things in the truck.

Jorge recalled the color of the apartment walls—gray and rose, stained by dampness, dirty. He also remembered having had to stay in bed for long hours, in a stupor interrupted only by a fleeting glimpse of Mama or Papa, or the silent appearance of one of his sisters. Sometimes Mama and Papa would stand staring at him, weeping quietly. Jorge didn't understand that. He felt all right, but he liked it when they didn't move. That way their images took definite shape, the outlines became clear, and then he could make out Mama's rosy complexion and Papa's dark mustache. And if Mama stayed motionless while he caressed her face, it was so wonderful to feel the pink softness of her skin.

But those walls! How unhappy they had made him! And how cruel it had been to be unable to explain that strange feeling! The walls of his room were gray, with big stains that climbed to the ceiling, which was cracked and peeling. Jorge tried to fix his eyes on one spot in

front of him, but restlessness compelled his gaze to move from top to bottom. Seeing the stains, or the yellowing white of the ceiling, brought on intense pain, as if he had been stabbed in the eyes. How beautiful that new yellow wall was! "Clean, clean and lovely."

The small yard, with its two symmetrically planted orange trees, still held leftovers from the construction—rubbish, broken bricks, the lime pit. On that land where Pedro Lizaga visualized his future garden, weeds grew in profusion, right up to the back walk of the house. The orange trees were young, just planted a few months earlier, and had never borne fruit. Actually Jorge didn't see any of that; for him, the back yard meant that shining, clean wall. He was still staring at it—sitting just as he had all morning—when the noon meal was served, and Beatriz came to take him to the dining room.

Jorge could catch the short sentences the family exchanged as they lunched. It was only when they referred to him that the words became mystifying, undecipherable. Through the meager conversation he noted Mama's tiredness, Papa's resigned unhappiness, and the incomprehensible vitality of Beatriz and María. He would have liked to talk to them, to tell them how marvelous the wall was, but there was an unyielding barrier. His words seemed to refuse to go beyond a certain point. When one seemed to slip by, Mama spoke to him affectionately, Papa hung his head, and Beatriz and María looked at each other in surprise.

After lunch they put him to bed, so he pretended to fall asleep. When the house was quiet, he again went out into the dazzling afternoon and took his place in front of the wall. He couldn't explain it, and perhaps no one could have understood it, but to occupy that little spot on the ground and to be able to look, look, look, and feel an inner calm and a real, unchanging sense of belonging filled him with inexpressible joy. He was sitting on the ground, but it was as if he had always been glued to that spot, like being born from the earth, with all its freshness, all its timelessness, all its joy, all its mystery. He seemed to be looking at the wall for eternity, the beautiful yellow wall that outshone even the green of the trees and grass. That wall allowed him to feast his eyes on it and wander at times, painlessly, to an extraordinarily clear sky, to a heavenly blue with only light touches of white here and there.

\* \* \*

When did the first crack appear? Had he looked away at the sky? Had his glance lingered in surprise on the first orange blossoms? Was he aware of the disappearance of the weeds? Did he notice the slow growth of the first cultivated plants? Did he observe the silent magic of the beans climbing the trunks of the two young trees? No, it didn't get through to him. The daylight had not changed; everything seemed to go along normally, and no noise, no vibration announced the occurrence. Nevertheless, it was there—a long crack across the wall. In some places, especially toward the middle, the gap was wider, and the wound, deeper there, showed the color of the bricks. No, he couldn't understand that. Nothing



could explain the crack that had just disrupted the harmony and cleanness of the wall and that was transmitted to him, wounding him, pricking his eyes with sharp bits of steel, so that he closed them tight, hid his head between his knees, and wept quietly to keep the others from hearing.

That was the beginning of the disaster. Jorge would have liked to run away, anywhere, but the ground held him there, transfixed, immobilized as if he had sprouted deep roots. Little by little, when the sun began to cast shadows, the wall disintegrated more quickly. From the bean plot (the beans were climbing rapidly up the flimsy poles, and here and there they left small blue and violet stains) a damp blotch, like a gloved claw, inched along, and when it reached the end of a crack, it grew deeper and seemed to penetrate even the bricks. Then something else happened: a greenish growth began to cover the stain, and as the sun went down the moss took over the whole of the damp surface.

For some moments Jorge almost lost sight of the wall. He had the sensation of having seen oranges, little oranges, on the two trees, but in any case there weren't any now. There were only green leaves, intensely green, that seemed to usurp more and more space. Every once in a while he could hear muted voices behind him, murmurs and steps that seemed to fade out before reaching him. Briefly, he would sense something like an unaccustomed bustle, then a prolonged silence, very peaceful, for which he was profoundly grateful. He stubbornly refused to turn around, fearful that the family might be witnessing the collapse and ruin of the beautiful yellow wall. This was directly linked to him; the humiliation was his.

Finally, when evening was near, when the sun had disappeared and the heavy silence of the night was in the air, when all things began to tremble slightly as they do just before immersion in darkness, Jorge sensed a complete silence behind him. His legs ached from having been in that cramped position so long. He stood up and deliberately took a few steps. He didn't want to turn his head—despite the silence, or perhaps because of it—lest they were there watching everything. He walked toward the orange trees, stooping to get by, and touched some fruit. Were they there again, or had they really always been there? It didn't matter. What Jorge wanted, before

night fell, was to see the wall one more time. He had mustered enough courage to do what he had not dared do ever since the wall had begun to disintegrate: go and touch it. Now, trembling, he drew near, without looking where he stepped, destroying the remains of old bean plants, trampling the few spikenards that still grew here and there, dragging along an occasional plant. Finally he arrived. The short stretch from his sitting place to the wall had seemed endless. As he advanced, his feet had grown heavier and heavier, and he suspected that his goal persistently moved away from him. But he made it. He put his shaking hands on the wall, and his fingers verified the definite, inexorable destruction.

That had been a slow day. He had kept his grief and tears hidden during those long hours, from the discovery of the wondrous yellow surface to the final proof of its disintegration and ruin. He had learned to hold back the tears and the overwhelming desire to cry out, to somehow announce the strange thing he had seen, but he couldn't any longer. He fell to the ground and wept disconsolately. In his despair, as in a crazy backward spin, he sought something to support him, someone who could save him, and Papa's image came as an answer—Papa holding him on his lap, Papa assuring him that everything was all right, Papa telling him with a quiet, conspiratorial air that he had put all his small treasures in the truck. Convulsed, he shouted Papa's name two or three times, and then, utterly defeated, devoid of spirit, prostrate on the ground, he wept slowly, very slowly, until he, the earth, and the night seemed fused into one, with the silence as cover over all.

Later, a voice called to him with gentle resignation. Jorge finally heard it and, rising, began to walk toward the house. He was now a tall boy, rather stoop-shouldered, as if he hadn't had enough strength to bear sudden growth. He followed that voice, sweet, submissive, sure of being heeded. It was Beatriz, his older sister, the only one who had stayed to care for him, fading with him, after Pedro Lizaga's death, after the stubborn muteness and slow decline of the mother, after the younger sister's marriage. While the boy walked on, she called him, slowly, as if it were part of a ritual, as if everything, all that was happening, were part of a bitter ceremony, repeated over and over again on hundreds and hundreds of nights. ♦ ♦ ♦



a  
word  
with



## JAIME LAREDO

THE YOUTHFUL FIGURE of Jaime Laredo stood out amid a battery of reporters and photographers in the Delegates' Lounge at the Pan American Union. The round, child-like face of the fourteen-year-old Bolivian violin virtuoso broke into an intelligent smile as he answered the newsmen's queries. It was the morning of the day before his concert in the Hall of the Americas, which was sponsored by Dr. Victor Andrade, Bolivian Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, and his wife.

"When did you first become interested in music?"

"When I was five. Some musician friends of my father's used to get together at our home in Cochabamba to play quartets with him. I liked to listen."

His candid replies came in flawless English, and his remarkable simplicity and poise was free of the stuffiness that characterizes so many child prodigies. He was born in Cochabamba in 1941 into a family of amateur musicians. His father, Eduardo Laredo, who was with him at the press conference, studied music (he plays the piano) and art several years ago at the University of California, and was owner and editor of the extinct Bolivian newspaper *La Epoca*. He told how the boy had stayed up to listen to the home concerts and soon wanted to help turn the pages. I interrupted to ask Jaime if he could read music then, and he replied that he had watched the printed notes "to see if they went up or down."

Don Eduardo continued: "When I gave him his first violin, he tuned it by ear. I wanted to check it with the piano, but he stopped me: 'No, Papa, your piano is flat.' Since he seemed to have perfect pitch and was learning music on his own, we decided he should study with a teacher, Carlos Flamini. The boy learned the fundamentals with such astonishing speed that Don Carlos advised us to take him to Europe or to the United States, since Bolivia lacked facilities for developing his talent."

Again I was impressed by Jaime's composure and unaffected manner as he stood to be photographed. He has not yet outgrown his adolescent pudginess, and an unruly lock of black hair falls over his forehead.

After the reporters had gone, Guillermo Espinosa, chief of the PAU music section and entrepreneur of the concert, took the young artist to the Hall of the Americas to see about the location of the piano. I tagged along, and so did the photographers. Finally, I got the boy to one side. He told me that he went to San Francisco in March 1948,

when he was almost seven, and undertook serious study of the violin, first under Professor Antonio de Grassi, then under Frank Houser. Later he began to give concerts, and in 1952 appeared as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony. He went to Cleveland, and after a short time with Josef Gingold, won a scholarship to the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, where he studies now with Professor Ivan Galamian, at Gingold's suggestion.

"How did you win that scholarship?"

"Well, as you know, all Curtis students are on scholarships. No one pays. They chose me after an audition in New York."

"Has any well-known violinist heard you play in private?"

"Yes, Mischa Elman and Erica Morini, in Cleveland."

"Did you make up tomorrow's program by yourself?"

"No. I followed the advice of my teachers."

"Who are your favorite composers?"

"I like the classics: Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, Mozart. Among the moderns, Samuel Barber and Ernest Bloch."

"What about Latin Americans?"

"Aside from Villa-Lobos, I don't know many, but I would like to study their music. I also like folk music and jazz, but I don't play any jazz. Gershwin is good."

"Have you a favorite violinist?"

"No, not yet. They're all different, and I admire their individual qualities."

"Tell me about your work at Curtis."

"I started there in October 1954. Out of 125 students, there are some twenty or twenty-five of us who study violin. They're from all parts of the world, but I'm the only Bolivian. I spend four hours a day studying violin, piano, harmony, and counterpoint and more time practicing with my friends. Besides, I attend evening classes at the Lincoln Preparatory School, where I'll finish next year."

"Which course do you like best there?"

"I'm very much interested in natural sciences and anatomy."

"Have you any special hobby or pastime?"

"I like sports—baseball and soccer."

"That's dangerous for a violinist's hands."

"Yes, but I'm careful."

The acclaim accorded him by music critics preceded Jaime Laredo to Washington. Of the concert he gave in San Francisco in 1952, R. H. Hagan of the *San Francisco Chronicle* wrote: "In the 1920's it was Yehudi Menuhin. In the 1930's it was Isaac Stern. And Saturday night it was Jaime Laredo. . . . Laredo's precociously warm and colorful tone and his equally precocious technique (as well as his poise and control) clearly mark him as a virtuoso and something more than just an eleven-year-old with talent. . . ."

The program, which to me seemed difficult even for a Heifetz, featured *La Follia*, by Corelli-Kreisler; *Partita in B Minor for Violin Solo*, by J. S. Bach; *Concerto for Violin and Piano*, by Samuel Barber; Brahms' *Sonata in D Minor for Violin and Piano*; and selections by Heitor Villa-Lobos, Arthur Benjamin, Claude Debussy, and Pablo de Sarasate. Jaime displayed a technique and a mastery unusual in one so young, an assurance and a robust tone, especially in the Bach *Partita*, which, as he later confessed, took the most effort and study because "it's hard." Actually, it is a composition that reveals the temper of the performer.

Someone told me that his violin was a Galeano, and when I asked how he had acquired it, he replied with simple forthrightness: "It belongs to a friend who has lent it to me until I buy one. Mine was no good."—A.S.D.



Heavy line on lower peninsula in map shows route of author's trek across Haitian mountains

# HAITIAN HINTERLAND

HUGH B. CAVE

LONG BEFORE the man himself appeared, we saw his torch weaving down the mountainside in the lonely darkness. He knew we were there. All day the keening of the conch shells had announced our coming. Just as we finished our evening meal, he splashed through the stream and halted at the edge of the fireglow—a very old man, barefoot, in rags.

"Bon soir," he said. And then, gazing at us curiously, he added in Creole: "You are the first strangers I have ever seen."

We offered tobacco for his homemade pipe, and he sat down. For the next hour, with the river whispering in the dark near by and the night air growing colder, he

*Rhode Islander HUGH B. CAVE has spent several years in Haiti; he is the author of the book Haiti: Highroad to Adventure and of many short stories.*

talked to us about himself and his neighbors.

That was what we wanted. We were not strangers to Haiti. I had already written a book about the country after three years' residence there, and was gathering material for another. My companion, Dr. Charles H. Deichman of Morristown, New Jersey, had shared some of my earlier Haitian adventures. But neither of us had previously explored the roadless wilderness at the western end of Haiti's almost unknown southern peninsula. Nor, to the best of our knowledge, had anyone else in recent years. An Inter-American Geodetic Survey team had penetrated part way, and that organization has since prepared excellent maps of the region, but from aerial photographs. An adventurous party of Catholic mission priests had probed a few miles in from the unpaved Les Cayes-Jérémie road. But, except to its isolated inhabitants, the heart of the region remained terra incognita.



We were the first intruders. And, for the time being, the last.

Our journey had begun in Port-au-Prince, where we loaded our gear into a twin-engine Beechcraft of the Haitian Air Force and flew to Les Cayes. There, with a pack mule, we set out westward along the coast. The road, an unpaved jeep track, ends at the tiny village of Les Anglais, where it becomes a footpath. But the coast is a spectacularly beautiful string of unspoiled beaches and formidable cliffs. At the time of our journey the farmers were busy in their millet fields, and sardine fishermen walked the beaches with their throw-nets.

In Port-à-Piment the Oblate Fathers, who have a church there, had found us a boy to look after the pack mule. When he learned that we proposed to turn inland, he balked. "Where will we stay at night?" he asked fearfully. No mountain peasant sleeps in the open in this land where the night hours are haunted by werewolves and the voodoo spirits.

"We have camping gear," we told him. "And there will always be a fire."

He shook his head, wanting no part of it. Not alone. But in Tiburon we found Dorismé Borgla, a crafty old fellow pushing seventy, to keep him company, and so, with half the village out to see us off, we started up the Tiburon River into the interior and were soon deep in the mountains.

The map of Haiti shows no villages in this lonely range. There are none. Consequently there are no trails worthy of the name. Yet people dwell here and there in the massif, and on their infrequent journeys they

*Mountain people can walk all day without tiring and never fail to exchange a friendly greeting*



follow certain time-honored routes. For the most part these routes are the watercourses.

In the shadow of the great massif itself, we had our first indication of the kindness of the primitive mountain people, many of whom had never seen a stranger before. We had camped on the river's edge, near a solitary thatch-roofed cabin. Having laid out the sleeping bags, I walked to the house and asked if I might buy a chicken.

"A chicken, *m'siê*?" The lady of the house held a conference with her husband, who gravely explained that to replace the bird he might have to go all the way to the coast. The price, therefore, would be high. He asked five gourdes—a dollar. For two gourdes more I bought sweet potatoes, millet, and a yam that weighed several pounds. Would madame be so kind as to kill and clean the chicken?

"Of course, *m'siê*," she murmured in her liquid Creole. She promised to bring everything to the camp, and I



*Miles of lonely beaches made for easy going near start of trip. Later on, it was too steep even for pack mules*

went back there. We waited. Visitors came, but not madame or the chicken. At last we beckoned to the boy. "Go and see what's keeping her."

But suddenly there she was, with her husband, carrying a completely cooked chicken dinner, with all the trimmings, on two large wooden trays!

Food was a problem to these people. They grew their own yams and sweet potatoes, raised a few chickens for eggs, sometimes owned a solitary goat or pig. Yet when our pack mule found the vertical trails of the massif too much for him, and we transferred some of our gear to mountain peasants we hired as porters, the strength and durability of these men—and women—astonished us. They could walk all day over the most fatiguing trails, and joke while doing it.

Rains had made the trails of the upper Tiburon too dangerous, and we crossed a ridge to the Les Anglais River for safer going. From the Les Anglais headwaters our route climbed to some seven thousand feet without a solitary deviation from its obvious purpose of being the shortest—and most difficult!—distance between two points. Then it plunged straight down again.

Even more rain had fallen here. The track was as slippery as grease and so eroded by the torrents rushing down it that its banks of volcanic soil were often twice



*Port-à-Piment is typical of low-lying south coast towns later devastated by Hurricane Hazel*



*Home in tiny village of Tiburon, which has no road link to outside world*



*River beds are best route through wilderness, but are often choked by fallen trees*



*Occupants of this lonely cabin knew of no trails to the north across hump of looming massif*



*Red earth is slippery as grease where rain turns trail into trench*



*Above: Mountain folk from miles around attend wilderness chapels a few miles in, served by mission priests from coastal villages*

*Left: Deep in roadless mountains, the Grande Anse is a wild and beautiful stream*

as high as our heads.

At the bottom, bruised and weary, we found ourselves in a deep gorge through which tumbled a small, swift stream. We were now, of course, on the north side of the great barrier range that splits the peninsula in two. Our porters called the stream the *Rivière Perdue*. It changed its name thereafter, and, though always the same stream, became *Source Mango*, *Détour la Ferme*, and finally the *Bras Gauche* of the *Grande Anse*, which flows all the way to the north coast.

We followed it, sometimes forced to cross and recross the stream a dozen times an hour. Everywhere the country was wild and magnificent, heavily timbered. The people were few and appeared to have little or no contact with the world outside until, nearing our destination, we discovered them building rafts of balsa and bamboo—*pipirites*, they called them—on which to float their yams to market.

At last we ourselves arrived at the market village of Marfranc, on the *Anse d'Hainault-Jérémie* road. Americans at a rubber station there made us welcome. Continuing on to Jérémie, we used sixteen days for the whole trip, but we were out to explore the countryside, not to set a record. I imagine a good strong mountain Haitian could cross the peninsula on foot in four days, if he had to.

At Marfranc we had some questions to answer, of course. We were the first white men they had ever seen come over the mountains from Tiburon. Our porters, though already paid, stood quietly in the background, chatting with the boy and old man who had accompanied us all the way. These two would begin their return journey the next morning, this time along the coast. Why the carriers lingered we did not know.

At last they came forward. For more than an hour, though anxious to be on their way, they had waited to shake hands and wish us luck. "Come again to our country," they said. "You will be among friends."

We promised to return and had every intention of keeping the promise. Unhappily, Hurricane Hazel got there first. In October 1954, this region was battered by one of the most violent tropical storms ever to sweep the Caribbean. The coastal towns were destroyed. The mountain trails, never more than footpaths, were obliterated. The hurricane wiped out crops as well as homes; it turned the watercourses into raging torrents, filled them with boulders and fallen trees, and made communication with the interior virtually impossible. It was weeks before word trickled out to the coast of the sufferings of these brave mountain people. Helicopters from the U.S.S. *Saipan* were used to ferry supplies to remote spots. The Haitian Government distributed seeds for new plantings. Their troubles, however, were not yet over. Again in the fall of 1955 large-scale food shipments had to be rushed to the *Département du Sud*, this time because of a searing drought.

But Haitian farmers have long been used to wringing a living from a hostile nature in the most inaccessible spots in their rugged land, and they doubtless still carry on in the southern massif. ♦ ♦ ♦



*Wreckage in port of Jérémie, terminus of the trip, after visit from Hurricane Hazel*



*Food shipment from United States for storm victims is stored in Jérémie basement*



*Mme. Magloire, Haitian President's wife, takes personal part in distribution of food, clothing, and other needs*



# OAS

## FOTO FLASHES



During the state visit to Washington of Dr. Luis Batlle Berres, President of the Uruguayan National Council of Government—the nine-member committee that performs the duties usually vested in the president of a republic—the OAS Council gave a luncheon at the Pan American Union preceded by a special session. In the receiving line with President and Mrs. Batlle Berres (center) were OAS Council Chairman César Tulio Delgado, Colombian Ambassador to the OAS, and Mrs. Delgado. Below: The next evening one of the most glittering balls held in Washington in recent years was given in the Hall of the Americas at the Pan American Union for the honor guests by Ambassador José A. Mora, Uruguayan envoy to the OAS and to the United States, and Mrs. Mora.



On taking office as the new Chairman of the Inter-American Peace Committee, OAS Ambassador John C. Dreier of the United States (left) accepts the gavel from his predecessor, OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil. The committee's sole duty is to insure a quick and peaceful settlement of any conflict or dispute that may arise between Hemisphere nations. Mexico, Argentina, and Cuba are the other countries on the committee.

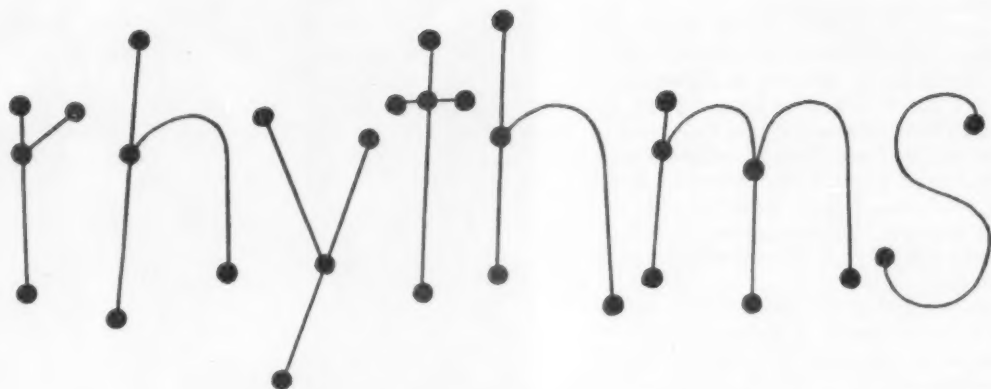


On a visit to the United States as a guest of the U.S. Government, Mayor Juan Luis Gutiérrez of La Paz, Bolivia (second from left), conferred with OAS Acting Secretary General William Manger at the Pan American Union. Accompanying him were Bolivian Alternate Representative to the OAS Luis F. Ramírez Velarde and Frazier Meade of the U.S. Department of State. The mayor of the lofty Bolivian capital (12,700 feet) made a three-month study of U.S. cities.

After their recital at the Pan American Union of music of the Americas, U.S. flutist Carleton Sprague Smith, noted musicologist and chief of the Music Division of the New York Public Library, and pianist Inés Gómez-Carrillo of Argentina posed for the photographer. Their program began with selections from pre-Conquest times, moved on to those of the colonial and romantic eras, and concluded with a twentieth-century group.







## FROM THE SOUTH

*Latin American popular music circles the globe*

SIGMUND SPAETH

AN OUTSTANDING PHENOMENON in contemporary music is the enormous international popularity of Latin American songs, which first flourished in the United States and then spread all over the world.

Perhaps this highly individual music has contributed most to the North American dance, which until the First World War had been limited mostly to waltzes, two-steps, fox trots, and one-steps. During the national dance craze of the decade following 1910, the names of animals were applied to the most familiar of these rhythms, but such labels as Turkey Trot, Bunny Hug, and Grizzly Bear did not alter the essential simplicity of the music.

It was only when professional dance teams like the Castles, and Maurice and Walton, began to demonstrate the possibilities of the ballroom that the public showed an interest in elaborating and refining the motions, which had previously been little more than walking in time to fairly commonplace music. Vernon and Irene Castle, in particular, showed how grace and beauty could enhance mere exercise, creating an insatiable desire in their fans to do likewise. (The principle still holds in the studios of Arthur Murray, Fred Astaire, and others.)

Among the specialties of the Castles was a maxixe of Brazilian origin, and also a highly refined tango. The latter is probably the oldest dance habitually associated with Spain and Spanish America. One theory of its origin is that this slow, graceful step actually goes back to an African jungle dance called *tangana*, reputedly brought by the Moors to Spain, where it long

remained essentially vulgar and sensual. Negro slaves took it to Cuba, where the city of Havana gave it the name of *habanera*—a Havana tune or air. (It is not generally realized that the most famous of all habaneras, heard in Bizet's *Carmen*, was not the work of the opera's composer but of the Spaniard Sebastián Yradier. It was published in Madrid about 1840 as *El Arreglito*, with the subtitle *Chanson Havanaise*. Bizet picked it up in Spain, under the impression that it was a folk tune, and is still generally given credit for its creation. Yradier, incidentally, also wrote the popular *La Paloma*, now known all over the world.) Other serious composers, like Stravinsky and Ravel, have also written *habaneras*.

The tango eventually acquired its contemporary form in Argentina, and it was the refined "Argentine tango" that first became popular as a social dance in North America. The late lamented Rudolph Valentino was demonstrating it at Bustanoby's Restaurant in New York fully ten years before he became the idol of motion picture fans. Curiously, the leading melody of the *St. Louis Blues* is in a tango rhythm, explained by W. C. Handy, the song's Negro composer, as the logical completion of a cycle beginning in the African jungle.

One of the most famous individual tangos, A. Villoldo's *El Choclo*, published in 1913, recently supplied the tune for an outstanding Tin Pan Alley hit, *Kiss of Fire*. Two other tangos that have maintained their popularity are *La Cumparsita*, by Gherardo H. Matos Rodríguez, and *Adiós Muchachos*, by Julio César Sanders, both dated 1932.

After World War I, U.S. interest in the tango abated somewhat; in fact, there was a lull in North American appreciation of Spanish music until the late 1920's, when a new wave of enthusiasm was created quite accidentally

SIGMUND SPAETH, known to U.S. radio and TV audiences as "The Tune Detective," is preparing a series of films for television on his specialty, popular music, which will include discussion of Latin American works.

and developed on a bigger scale than ever.

The story concerns the youthful Herbert Marks, now head of the Edward B. Marks Music Corporation, founded by his father. Young Marks had gone to Havana for a vacation and was interviewed there by a reporter for the *Havana Post*, chiefly because his firm had published *A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, intimately associated with San Juan Hill and Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. The reporter took it upon himself to state that Mr. Marks was interested in Cuban music; as a result, the publisher's son was promptly deluged with the works of local composers.

A concert was arranged by the manager of his hotel—who happened to be the brother of Moisés Simón Rodríguez, composer of a song called *El Manicero* written under the pseudonym of Moisés Simons. Herbert Marks signed a contract with the composer and took his music back to New York, where it was published by the elder Marks as *The Peanut Vendor*, with English words supplied by Marion Sunshine and L. Wolfe Gilbert.

The song was not an immediate hit; in fact, it was rejected by most of the band leaders, singers, and recording companies. Two of the first conductors to recognize its possibilities were Vincent Lopez (of Portuguese descent) and Don Bigelow. Rudy Vallee was one of the first to sing it in public. *The Peanut Vendor's* success was established when Don Azpiazu brought a Cuban orchestra to New York and played it at the Palace Theatre, then famous as the home of top-notch vaudeville. A Victor recording by Azpiazu's band gave this most unusual song the necessary promotion, and soon it was being sung and whistled all over the world.

*The Peanut Vendor* is generally called a rumba, but is actually a *son*, direct descendant of the eighteenth-century Spanish *contradanza* (country dance). The *son*



appeared in 1916 in eastern Cuba and shows African influence, with its rhythm marked by *bongó* drums, *maracas*, and *claves*. The first published copies of *The Peanut Vendor* described it correctly, but the purchasers generally assumed that "*son*" was a misprint for "*song*," so the publisher substituted the word "*rumba*," now applied to almost any kind of Cuban music, including the *guaracha*, the *danzón*, and even the *bolero*.

In his valuable book *Music of Latin America*, Nicolas Slonimsky quotes the late Cuban musicologist Emilio Grenet as writing that "Our music has invaded all lands and all climes. But while this conquest is an undisputed reality, it is no less true that most musicians cultivating Cuban music abroad fail to understand the nature of the new rhythms which have infiltrated into their countries. . . . To our neighbors to the north, all Cuban music is reduced to the rumba. But even the rumba, that creature of our robust virility, is diluted and emasculated."

Slonimsky shows various patterns of the rumba rhythm, all heavily syncopated, and prints an excerpt from *Ay! Mamá Inés*, a Cuban folksong adapted by Eliseo Grenet (not to be confused with the musicologist) and described as a true rumba, also published by Marks shortly after *The Peanut Vendor*. (The same firm, which has become something of a specialist in Latin American music, was likewise responsible for such hits as Gonzalo Roig's *Quiéreme Mucho*, Tin Pan Alley-ized to *Yours*, which can be danced as a rumba, a fox trot, or even a tango; the Spaniard J. A. Lacalle's *Amapola*; and Moisés Simons' *Marta*, remembered as the signature of the "Street Singer," Arthur Tracy.)

It is perhaps significant that Harl McDonald, long known as the manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra as well as a composer, should have written a *Rumba Symphony*, of which at least one movement is definitely in the Cuban style. There is also a *Jamaican Rumba* by the

British composer Arthur Benjamin, recently filmed for television by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Sir Ernest MacMillan.

The rumba rhythm has become almost a trade-mark with the popular Cole Porter, who applied it to such hits as *Night and Day*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*, and even the Shakespearean *Were Thine That Special Face*, in *Kiss Me Kate*. The rhythmic pattern is practically the same in Porter's *Begin the Beguine*, although the actual dance of that name comes from the French islands of St. Lucia (now under the British flag) and Martinique. (The French word *béguin* may be translated as "flirtation.")

Next to the rumba, the most popular Cuban dance form is probably the conga, which can be traced directly to the African Congo. The name was originally applied to a fiesta conducted by the Negro slaves under Spanish domination in Cuba and also designates the large drums that supply most of the rhythm. After the island won freedom, the conga was frequently the method for calling attention to political meetings in the streets, gradually enlisting more and more of the modern European instruments, although it still exists in its primitive form in some parts of Cuba.

The conga became popular in France about 1936 and went from there to North America, where it developed into a favorite "stunt" in the night clubs. The simple step—"one, two, three, kick"—appealed to skilled performers as well as to nondancers, who simply joined a "Conga line" that could grow indefinitely, following the leader snakelike around the room. This type of dancing game appeared effectively in the hit play *My Sister Eileen*, with a group of men, supposedly from the Brazilian Navy, forming the line and dragging two girls with them. In *Wonderful Town*, the musical version of the play, it was even more effective, with Leonard Bernstein supplying the tune while the conga dancers carried Rosalind Russell above their heads.

Two songs in conga rhythm contributed heavily to its U.S. popularity, *Say "Si Si" (Para Vigo Me Voy)*, by Ernesto Lecuona, and Eliseo Grenet's *Havana's Calling Me (Me Llama La Habana)*. Lecuona must be considered Cuba's top popular composer and one of the most significant in the entire field of Spanish American music. His *Malagueña* is the best-selling individual piece in the entire Marks catalogue. It is known all over the world today, published in more than fifty arrangements, and performed by concert pianists as well as instrumental and vocal groups of all kinds. A pianist himself, as well as a composer and conductor, Lecuona has long headed his own orchestra and recently recorded no less than fifty-nine of his piano compositions for RCA Victor under the title of *Lecuona by Lecuona*. His more serious pieces include *Andalucía* (later turned into the pop song *The Breeze and I*), *La Comparsa*, *Gitanerías*, and *Danza Lucumí*, but he is best known, after the *Malagueña*, for such popular hits as *Siboney*, *Say "Si Si," Jungle Drums (Karabali)*, and *María La O*.

While the conga is strictly Cuban, Brazil has a possi-

ble relative in the congada, also of Negro origin. The name became famous through a brilliant orchestral version of this dance by Francisco Mignone. But the most popular Brazilian rhythm in the United States has unquestionably been the samba.

Slonimsky points out "two clearly differentiated forms of the samba, the rural and the urban. The rural samba is characterized by greater syncopation than the city samba, which latter is less varied in rhythm, and usually adheres to the pattern of a succession of even notes in rapid tempo." He also mentions the samba Carioca, referring to the city of Rio de Janeiro. (Not a samba, however, was the popular hit *The Carioca*, by Vincent Youmans, which was featured in the musical *Flying Down to Rio*, one of the first U.S. movies to use Brazil as a background.)

The song *Brazil (Aquarela do Brasil)*, by Ary Barroso, in Walt Disney's "good neighbor" film, *Saludos Amigos*, is actually a *samba-canção* or samba-song, which Slonimsky characterizes as "... a type of nostalgic serenade ... quite different in character from the standard samba." Closer to the real samba was the satiric



*Mañana* of Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour, whose tune was borrowed by Chesterfield cigarettes for a television commercial, while a suggestion of it also appears in the signature of Flamingo Frozen Orange Juice.

Mexico, too, figures prominently in the propagation of popular Latin American music. The national air, *La Golondrina (The Swallow)*, has become well known, and a large percentage of the inhabitants of the Americas must have heard by this time the famous *Jarabe Tapatio*, generally called the *Mexican Hat Dance*, composed by F. A. Partichela but commonly regarded as a folk tune. Its lively triple time has figured in many a scene in the films, theaters, and night clubs of the United States.

Among the Broadway hits of Mexican origin must be



included *Allá en el Rancho Grande (My Ranch)*, by Silvano R. Ramos, and the late María Grever's *Ti-pi-tin* (containing echoes of Chabrier's *España* and Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*).

One of the latest developments in Spanish American music is the mambo, most difficult of all to analyze or explain. Its chief exponent today is Cuban-born Pérez Prado, who won his first real success in Mexico City. His personal appearances at the Waldorf in New York and his RCA Victor records have established him as an authentic sensation with the U.S. public. (Xavier Cugat, Noro Morales, and other conductors, are also mambo exponents.)

Early examples of this almost unique dance were called *mondongo* and *mambo jambo*, but today almost any popular song can be played in a mambo rhythm. Herbert Marks says that "The mambo beat is not as even as that of the rumba, but is based on the same idea, using three dance steps to four beats. . . . It is loud, weird, and sometimes too much for the average listener's ears, yet it grows on one." Another commentator adds that ". . . it appeals to young and old alike. Some just like to sit and listen to this haunting, captivating form of musical expression. Others, who are more fortunate, can go to mambo palaces such as the Palladium in New York or the Zenda in Los Angeles and for hours watch the dancers put on exhibitions that literally leave both them and the spectators breathless—yet begging for more." Such enthusiasm must have some justification!

Popular, too, are the so-called calypso songs of Trinidad and Jamaica, which are most often played to either a rumba or a samba rhythm, and show a fine disregard of English accents and a fascinating improvisational style. Many have been recorded or heard in personal performances, and have been successfully imitated by

Broadway songwriters, as in *It's Love, Love, Love*, by Joan Whitney and Alex Kramer, and the recent comedy hit that asks the question "Who stole de ding-dong? Who stole de bell?"

Again, the U.S. Hit Parade has featured a steady succession of songs of Latin American origin or influence. We have heard *Frenesí* and *Perfidia*, by Alberto Domínguez B.; Consuelo Velásquez's *Bésame Mucho* (imitating the nightingale aria in Enrique Granados' *Goyescas*); *Estrellita*, by Manuel Ponce; *Ay, Ay, Ay*, by the Chilean Osman Pérez Freire; *Amor*, by Méndez and Ruiz; and, more recently, *Vaya con Dios* and *Hernando's Hideaway*, a burlesque tango.

Finally, we have bestowed upon the music of our southern neighbors the ultimate compliment of parody. When Betty Garrett, in the musical show *Call Me Mister*, sang *South America, Take It Away*, she was actually, if backhandedly, paying our respects to the distinctive songs of all the Americas that have rocked Tin Pan Alley and found their place on the lips of music lovers all over the world. ♦ ♦ ♦

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## points of view



### TIRES FOR COLOMBIA

THE WEEKLY news magazine *Semana*, published in Bogotá, takes justifiable pride in reporting on the progress of Icollantas, "the oldest and largest tire factory in the country . . . , which has an enormous yearly production capacity for all sorts of tires, from the small sizes for Opels and Volkswagens to the huge ones for vans and farm machinery." Just ten years ago, on October 11, 1945, Colombian President Alberto Lleras Camargo, who was later to become OAS Secretary General and then president of the University of the Andes, and a throng of invited guests eagerly awaited "Icollantas Number One." Much to the embarrassment of Antonio Puerto, managing director of the company, workmen had to struggle for half an hour before the unwilling tire was finally pried loose from the vulcanizing mold. This debut was the result of efforts begun three years before:

" . . . Wartime rationing had left the roads almost deserted, and the tire shortage threatened to bring on an economic crisis. The problem was so acute that on November 20, 1942, . . . the Industria Colombiana de Llantas—abbreviated to Icollantas—was founded, with a capital of a million and a half pesos. . . . It soon be-

came obvious that this was not enough, and it had to be raised, first to three and later to seven million. Once elected director, Mr. Puerto . . . chose [a plant site] near the Muña Dam . . . where there was plenty of water, electric power, and coal. Furthermore, . . . the main transportation lines were within easy access.

"The first building was erected by Cuéllar Serrano Gómez, according to B. F. Goodrich Company plans. Because of rationing, the machinery was second-hand. Installation was begun in 1944, and a year later the inauguration took place. The factory then had an annual capacity of sixty thousand tires.

"[At the end of 1955] Icollantas . . . raised its capital to twenty million pesos, and, in addition to tires, now produces a line of materials and rubber products that are extremely important to the national economy. As of the end of last August, Icollantas had produced 191,603,000 pesos' worth of tires alone. To buy them abroad would have cost the country almost fifty million dollars. And the Muña factory, now the most modern in South America, goes on expanding. . . .

"Motorist or not, everyone has used tires, but few know how they are made. It is a highly complicated, arduous

process. . . . First, the rubber is mixed with lampblack, to make it friction-resistant, and with other materials. From this stage of 'mixture and mastication,' . . . it passes to the mills, where workers guide it through large rollers. Now a black sheet, it goes to the department [where it will become a tire]. One hundred and eighty processes are necessary to assemble that mass of chemical compounds, rubber, fabric, and wires. At this point the tire is called 'green,' for it must be cooked. . . . After a few minutes of pressure, heat, water, and sulphur, the finished product emerges . . . , an economical, commercial, black tire. White sidewalls are much more difficult.

" . . . Icollantas plans to launch a series of new products. . . . For example, lining for storage tanks that will withstand the corrosive action of certain acids. . . . And shoe soles . . . that will be amazingly durable. Also, rubber tile in all colors. And plastic tubing of various sizes, to be used in anything from . . . blood-transfusion equipment to industrial conveyors for liquids. And cases for batteries. . . .

"Such a lively enterprise not only lends an invaluable service to the national economy and helps countless other industries that depend on its products . . . but also offers limitless opportunities to its employees. . . . The minimum wage is 4.28 pesos a day, and the semiannual bonus is twice what the law demands. The factory maintains a cafeteria that sells food at cost. Ailing workers are treated at the Marly Clinic, and all dental, optical, and other services are available. Moreover, the wage scale provides for in-grade raises, and no Icollantas employee can suffer a pay cut. Most of the workers are young, . . . between twenty-five and forty. . . .

"It is quite understandable that Icollantas . . . looks to the past with pride . . . and to the future with optimism, certainty, and enthusiasm."

### MUSIC IN HAITI

MELCHIOR REPORTS some ideas of Madame Carmen Brouard, a talented Haitian pianist and music teacher, in the *Haiti-Journal*, Port-au-Prince daily:

" . . . We often speak of Haitian music without bothering to find out if, technically, it really exists. A folk tune, whatever the country of origin, is only

a primitive manifestation (note that I hesitate to say music). . . . Music is an art and, as such, . . . has rules, history, and objectives.

"From this viewpoint and with our composing at its present level, we can say that Haitian music hardly exists at all. We must study, not only to elevate our popular songs to the level of music—just as selection, analysis, and rules have made literature out of language—but also to catch up with the countries that are ahead of us. . . .

"As far as I am concerned, there are no gradations in art; one is or is not a musician. . . . Through study, sooner or later our country will rank among the most musical in the world. . . . As a teacher, I have cherished this dream for twenty years, I thought our efforts would be fruitful and that . . . true art would emerge much sooner. . . ."

"We have had to wait . . . and I feel we have lost a lot of time. The National Conservatory, just created by Paul Magloire's government, is the result of individual efforts. . . . For one, the *Haiti-Journal* set up music contests, offered prizes, and gave a home to a national composer, the late Ludovic Lamothe. In my opinion, the conservatory has not come too late to show us the job to be done. . . ."

## SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

THE LITERARY JOURNAL *Sul* is published in Florianópolis, capital of Santa Catarina State in southern Brazil. These excerpts are from a lengthy article by Ody Fraga, presenting his views on what is wrong with audio-visual education:

"When I was a boy one of my greatest thrills was to go to see the advertising films at the Bayer laboratories, down the street from where I lived. This was long before the war, when 16-mm. films were virtually unknown. Fundamental education and audio-visual techniques were yet to come.

"It was a very simple program—two animated cartoons, a short Chaplin comedy . . . , some nature films. Spellbound, I learned that you had to take Bayer Tonic to be strong, and that aspirin was the thing for headaches. . . . Those cleverly designed publicity 'slides' broke down my



"Landscape," as depicted by Libertad Velázquez, a twelve-year-old sixth grader in Guasipati, Bolívar State, Venezuela. Her drawing appeared in *Tricolor*, monthly magazine for children published by Venezuelan Ministry of Education

childish resistance to medicine. . . .

"However, I am not here to give free advertising space to pharmaceutical products. The point is that . . . publicity men—with no profound philosophic-pedagogic motives, but with complete command of realities—unconsciously accomplish the task that educators . . . have not yet mastered.

". . . I have watched experts . . . who know exactly what to do with the amplifier and the recording device of a 16-mm. projector. . . . However, they do not know . . . which film is suitable for a given occasion or how to deliver a simple commentary. . . . They know the mechanism, but not how to use it for educational purposes—much like a blind man with a telescope.

"The important fact about audio-visual techniques is that they are based on two elements: *image* and *sound*. . . . Unless we understand the image-sound combination, we will be unable to put the machines that produce it to effective use. . . .

"Merely photographing and projecting a set of images about something—how to fertilize the soil, how this or that industry functions . . . , how bees work, and so on—does not mean there is a film on the subject. The photographic work depends on many interrelated factors . . . , and the audio-visual technician must understand the natural order of development. Otherwise, he . . . may be side-tracked, although he has in his possession the most powerful medium for transmitting knowledge. . . .

"Teaching is done by means of the

documentary film. . . . This represents the ultimate refinement of film art, not, as is often thought, merely a marginal tool. There is a period in movie history that cannot be ignored by the audio-visual technician—the avant-garde (1924-1928) . . . , when movies were dedicated to pure art . . . and the esthetic truth of the image. In brief, this movement was the basis of the documentary and of the concept of visual education.

". . . The best of the avant-garde was abstract; the worst, surrealist . . . , which lost the essence of the 'visual idea,' using arbitrary values . . . and self-centered perceptions. The avant-garde film-maker Jean Painlevé was the first master of visual education. Why were his movies so important? Because his work represented sensitivity, subtlety. . . .

"In 1927, movies suffered their first serious setback with the presentation of *The Jazz Singer* . . . , an inane film, and the ensuing years were characterized by general mediocrity. The achievements of silent movies were temporarily lost, since something new had been added—sound. All that mattered was singing, talking, making noise. . . . It was a period of mutation, discussion, and disunity. René Clair solved the problem: sound was . . . subordinated to the image. . . .

"However, this is not supposed to be a history of movies . . . , yet it is important to understand the relation of past events, technical achievements, and esthetic evolution to the educational film. . . . Otherwise, there is the possibility . . . of overestimating the seventh art as an educational tool. The 'experts,' resting on the bureaucratic satisfaction of their ignorance, think the movie in itself can do all the work. . . .

"About a year ago, in the interior of São Paulo State . . . , I attended a meeting at which audio-visual technicians tried to teach the 'farmers' something [about their work]. The program was disorganized . . . , and Walt Disney was almost the sole attraction. . . . The first film was on the history of corn, and no one in the audience learned anything. . . . It was made during the war for the U.S. Department of State, and the theme was . . . how corn could be trans-

formed into . . . tanks, guns, planes, and so on. In brief, it was geared for a war effort . . . , a war that may have had no meaning for [that peaceful rural gathering]. Next came . . . a Mighty Mouse cartoon, nothing more than an animal version . . . of that superman nonsense. Then a specialized film on milk—in a region that produces nothing but coffee. . . .

"Two cartoons produced by the SESP [Serviço Especial de Saúde Pública, or Special Public Health Service] achieved the best results . . . , for they aroused the audience's interest without losing contact with the reality of that particular environment. There was also another Disney cartoon, this one on water and much more suited to the purpose of the meeting.

"The worst part of this was not the program itself but the exhibitors' inability to lend orderly, rational meaning to the films. Between films, technicians spoke on the subjects of the program. . . . What they said was completely disassociated from the pictures. . . . Unless the expert can see that the film is a narrative in itself . . . , he cannot complement the image . . . and fill in the inevitable gaps. In short, he must use the film, handle it as a tool, master it. . . . Until this happens . . . , it will be like selling aspirin to a cancer victim."



## VENEZUELAN'S BEST FRIENDS

LAST OCTOBER 4, the day of Saint Francis of Assisi, marked the first celebration of Animal Day in Caracas. The Venezuelan Society for the Protection of Animals, which already operates a free dog hospital, announced plans for an animal shelter to be built on a twelve-acre lot near Santa Lucía, a town southeast of Caracas. Newspapers revived stories about certain dogs that have a special place in Venezuelan hearts. An article in *Venezuela Up-to-date*, an English-language monthly published by the Venezuelan Embassy in Washington, recounts the

lives of three top favorites:

" . . . Nevado was owned by the Liberator Simón Bolívar and accompanied him [almost always]. . . . He was presented to General Bolívar by the owner of the Moconoque Farm near the town of Mucuchíes, high up in the Andean mountains. Today in that little town a monument can be seen representing Nevado lying at the feet of Tinjacá, the Indian to whom the care of the dog had been entrusted by Bolívar.

"Nevado (Snowy) was jet black with a white tufted back and head and long woolly hair—a big, strong animal from the famous Venezuelan Mucuchíes breed, a crossing of St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, living in the cold region of Mérida State. Mucuchíes dogs are faithful, fierce, and courageous. Nevado was shot, together with Tinjacá, on June 24, 1821, while leading the attack at the side of his master in the battle of Carabobo, which brought final victory to Venezuelan arms and liberty . . . from Spanish domination.

"Cenizo (Ashy, because he was gray) was another dog that became very popular in Caracas. His owner had been a German gentleman with whom he was seen all the time. When the man died, Cenizo established his residence on Plaza Bolívar, sleeping right at the foot of Bolívar Monument. He would not let any other dog enter the square. Each morning he would pay a visit to a certain grocery store near by, where his master had usually purchased provisions; and there he was served his breakfast. Then he would run over to the streetcar stop in front of the Cathedral, jump on the back platform of a car going to the cemetery—he never missed the right one—and visit his master's grave, after which he returned the same way. Cenizo was the only dog ever allowed to ride a streetcar in Caracas. In the evening he would go to the beer hall where his master used to dine, and there again he got a hearty free meal and some tidbits from customers.

"If he was in the mood for movies, he would walk into the old Rialto Theater, where a seat was always reserved for him at the side of the usher's place. He watched pictures for some time and then returned home to

Plaza Bolívar. Thursdays and Sundays at Plaza Bolívar people rent chairs from a stand to listen in comfort to the free public concerts of the Municipal Band. Well, there was Cenizo too, sitting on his free reserved chair. . . .

"Mourned by all *caraqueños*, Cenizo died of old age at the very foot of Bolívar Monument one day in 1929. His burial was a public event in Caracas with thousands of people following his body, which was taken to Los Caobos Park and buried there. His tombstone bears his name, which *caraqueños* will remember for a long time.

"And then there was Seis (Six), so named because he was the sixth puppy out of eleven. He was given to a fireman, who took him to the Fire Department in Caracas. There he spent his early youth tearing pants and breaking up formations, until he grew up and became a disciplined member of the brigade. He was always the first to jump on the car when an alarm was sounded, and his barking accompanied the sound of the bells. At the scene of a fire he would keep the curious at a distance.

"Although not born an aristocrat, he was a beautiful dog and a real Don Juan who certainly knew how to pick his friends. One day a scoundrel beat him up with a heavy stick, which . . . caused a commotion in Caracas. The fire chief himself nursed his wounds and changed his bandages; school children dropped by to inquire about his condition and brought him bones and candy; the telephone kept ringing for days.

"He was fifteen years old when one day in 1951 he was killed by an automobile as he was running after a fire engine. His stuffed body and an oil painting of him are on exhibition at the Caracas Fire Department Headquarters. . . ."

## Answers to Quiz on inside back cover

(1) True. (2) True. (3) False. They more closely resemble orange blossoms. (4) True. (5) False. Coffee is processed as described, but is not aged at all. (6) True. (7) True. (8) True. (9) False. Latin America supplies over 90 per cent of the coffee consumed in the United States. (10) True.

0 2 5 . 2

0 2 5 . 3

0 2 5 . 4

0 2 5 . 5

0 2 5 . 6

WHEN YOU GO TO A LIBRARY, the chances are you do not ask for So-and-So's book *Such-and-Such*; you are much more likely, according to the people who work there, to be looking for information about something and to wonder which of all these books contains it. In a library where the collection is grouped by subject, either you yourself—if you have access to the shelves—or the reference librarian has an easier job finding it. Just about any U.S. or European library you appeal to will be so arranged. Now libraries in Spanish America that have not yet adopted the practice can help to make it universal there too, employing the most widely used U.S. classification schedule: the Dewey Decimal System. A Spanish translation prepared by the Columbus Memorial Library of the Pan American Union has just been published by Forest Press, publishers of the English edition. Under the direction of Librarian Arthur E. Gropp, and with Norah Albanell MacColl, a Uruguayan staff member, as chief translator, a team of library technicians began the job in May 1952.

Up to now, many Latin American libraries have been lining the books up on the shelves in the order in which they are acquired. This means that when you are interested in sixteenth-century Mexico, you cannot repair to the stacks confident that if what you want isn't in Prescott, you will be able to reach up and take a look at Bernal Díaz. For Bernal Díaz may, by the irrelevancies of library history, be rubbing shoulders with Tolstoy and Conan Doyle three flights down. The card catalogue will list a book as being, for example, on shelf 42, row 3, fourth from the left. Some system not much more helpful was in operation at the Amherst College library in the early 1870's, when an undergraduate named Melvil Dewey was working there. The general chaos led young Dewey to invent his particular method for classifying books by means of subject outlines that place each volume in a logical relation to those around it and in which the whole arrangement is represented by a sequence of numbers. Because of its efficiency, its usefulness in libraries

## Librarians asked for the Dewey Decimal System in Spanish

BETTY WILSON

of varying pretensions, and its flexibility, it has been adopted by nearly all general and most university libraries in the United States and by many in other countries, though it is not detailed enough for vast collections like that of the Library of Congress or for some highly specialized libraries.

Dewey based his system on the idea that all human knowledge could be split up into ten major categories. These he expressed in hundreds. Thus, he made Social Sciences 300, Literature 800, and so on (he was forced to adopt a General Works category numbered 000, equivalent to the file clerk's Misc., into which he bundled newspapers, bibliography, encyclopedias, and other recalcitrant subjects). These main categories are divided into tens. In the 300's, for example, 310 stands for statistics, one branch of the Social Sciences; 330 for economics; and so on. The third figure is used to further break down statistics or economics or whatever it might be, and the numbers may continue after a decimal point for more minute subdivision.

With this done, the job was still unfinished. The system must be constantly revised as times change; fields of knowledge expand, subjects shift from one field to another, cultural values wax and wane. For example, Dewey assigned the 100's, a whole tenth of his system, to Philosophy. Regardless of the absolute significance of this branch of learning, from the librarian's viewpoint it has obviously sunk in importance from the pre-eminence it enjoyed in Dewey's day. So have Religion, the 200's, and Philology, the 400's. On the other hand, it would be nice to have some of that space to play around with in the category (the 600's) that Dewey was so short-sighted as to make the same size and to label Useful Arts—the applied sciences. Matters would be even worse if psychology were transferred from Philosophy, where it was considered as belonging in the last century, to Science, where modern practitioners would insist on placing it. Though no major changes have been made in the system, because of such problems it has gone through fifteen



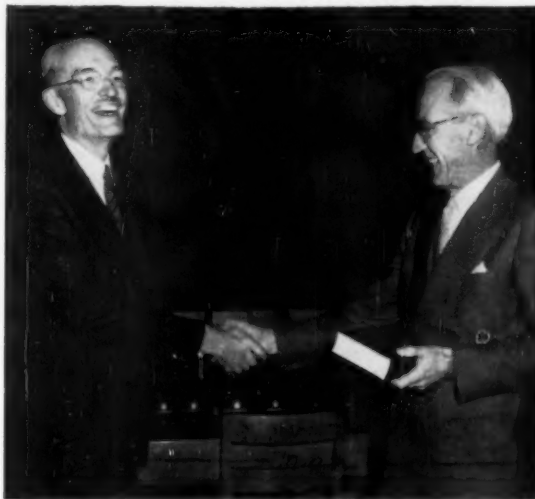
editions—the latest appeared in 1951—and a sixteenth is in preparation.

In October 1951, a congress of Latin American librarians meeting in São Paulo, Brazil, under the sponsorship of the OAS and UNESCO, recommended that the system be adopted by all Latin American libraries and that the publishers be asked to bring out a Spanish edition. To this they agreed, provided that the Pan American Union would take charge of the translation.

Putting into another language what amounts to a list of most of the things man has taken an interest in was no easy task. It meant finding out how to say "ladybug" (it's *mariquita* or *coquito de San Antón*, by the way) and what the Spanish is for architectural terms dealing with stress. Not only that—it meant settling on one word out of perhaps half a dozen regional possibilities. For example, in the River Plate countries, the word for "butter" is *manteca*; in northern South America *manteca* means "lard," and butter is called *mantequilla*. What may be an innocent fruit everywhere else is an offensive crudity in Cuba. In some cases, the very concept does not exist in Spanish America. An example is "portal-to-portal pay," a new term even in English. It was finally rendered literally, as *pago de puerta a puerta*, but for safety's sake the English was added in parentheses. Not all the more than thirty-five thousand entries in the index of the English edition posed such problems, but the translators agree that too many did. Fortunately, they had experts in every field to call upon, within the PAU and outside.

But if finding the right word were all there was to it, they would have considered themselves lucky. If the system was to be as useful in Spanish as in English, it had to be adapted to the new culture. The law section (which has never been completed in the English, since the expert who was preparing it died part way through) had to be done over from scratch, because the U.S. legal system is based on English common law and the Latin American on the Roman code. The Religion tables had to be revised to allow much more room for Roman Catholicism. Philology, Literature, and History had to

shift emphasis. The translators were almost ready to breathe a sigh of relief and contemplate their finished product when word came from Forest Press: Though they were basing the Spanish version on the fifteenth (1951) edition of the English, would they mind incorporating some three hundred changes planned for the forthcoming sixteenth edition, in order to keep the Spanish as up to date as possible? No trouble at all, they



Dr. William Manger, Acting OAS Secretary General, receives bound volume of the Spanish translation, just off the press, from Dr. Godfrey Dewey, son of founder of the Dewey Decimal Classification System, and President of Forest Press, Inc.

said—and then discovered that to make the 379 changes in the tables; about nine thousand entries in the index would also have to be corrected.

On December 4 the end of three and a half years' hard work was celebrated when Dr. Godfrey Dewey—son of Melvil and president of Forest Press—presented a copy of the 1,059-page *Sistema de Clasificación Decimal* to OAS Acting Secretary General William Manger. The librarians at São Paulo had their wish. ♦ ♦ ♦

Translators at work. Norah Albanell MacColl of Uruguay (second from left) was in charge; at head of table, PAU Librarian Arthur E. Gropp





# books

## A NEW KIND OF HISTORY

*Leopoldo Castedo*

WHEN I WAS IN CARACAS recently, I spoke with Dr. Isaac Pardo, an eminent physician who for some years has devoted part of his time to the study of history. I asked him why, and he related this brief but illuminating story:

"One night six or seven years ago, I had been sitting up late reading, as I usually do, and on my way to bed I noticed that the light was still on in my son's room. He was then twelve. Imagine my surprise when I found the boy with his elbows propped on the table, studying.

"What are you doing at this hour of the morning?" I asked. His reply was: 'Father, tonight I have to learn by heart the names of all the officers who fought in the Battle of Ayacucho, or tomorrow I'll flunk.'

"Go to bed and rest, son," I said. 'In the morning, tell your teacher I've forbidden you to memorize such nonsense. And if he scolds you or flunks you, I'll go and talk to him.'

"That is what got me started," finished the doctor-historian. (At the moment he is awaiting the first copies from the press of his work on the psychology, behavior, and way of life of Venezuelans in the sixteenth century.) "It seemed absurd to me that the bad methods employed in my generation should be retained. I want to contribute my grain of sand to set things right."

Fortunately, Dr. Pardo is not alone in his sane criterion. It is held in his own country by Arturo Usler Pietri and Mariano Picón Salas, among others, and by historians and professors in all the American republics. In fact, nowadays it would be very hard to find a defender of the old methods of teaching history. All of us consider it anachronistic and pedagogically unsound to hammer away at battles, dates, and lists of rulers. Yet this is what is done in 90 per cent (to be generous about the remaining 10) of elementary and secondary schools and even universities. The reason is fundamental: with rare and admirable exceptions, there are no general

textbooks on Ibero-American history that look at the subject in any other way.

Early last May I crossed the Andes from Santiago to Buenos Aires on the first leg of a trip throughout the Hemisphere designed to remedy this situation. The goal is a five-volume History of the American Peoples that will be new so far as interpretation is concerned, but that actually amounts merely to a concrete manifestation of what most present-day American historians believe in.

Starting from the Argentine capital, I have visited those parts of the East-coast South American countries, the Greater Antilles, and the eastern United States that are easily accessible by ordinary means of transportation. As I write this I am in Washington, about to complete the first and most comfortable stage of my journey. In Havana I joined forces with Roberto Montandón, a noted archeologist, an artist with the camera, an indefatigable traveler—qualities that will make him a pillar of support during the return trip. For in New York, where the historian Enrique Zorrilla is to round out the team (all of us are Chileans), a station wagon especially equipped with four-wheel drive, heavy-duty tires, a supplementary gas tank, and countless accessories awaits us; in it we plan to cover part of Canada, cross the United States from Detroit to San Francisco, drive on through Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas to Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, much of Argentina again, and so back to Chile by way of Patagonia.

We have two main reasons for taking this trip: to make up a group of historians in the twenty-one republics and Canada, and to collect graphic material that will enable us to present a vivid panorama of America as it is now and as it used to be—photographs of landscapes, cities, industries, and folklore and reproductions of documents, engravings, and works of art. Hence the station wagon—the only means of transporting the tape recorder and the photographic equipment (eight still and movie cameras and many accessories).

The project, of which I am in charge, is sponsored by

the publishing firm Editora Zig-Zag, of Santiago. To its own and Chile's credit, it has embarked upon a long and costly (thirty million pesos) enterprise that will take years to complete. My responsibility is enormous and my mandate flattering. But I must repeat that the atmosphere is propitious and that it is only a question of giving shape to a continent-wide desire.

It would be impossible to analyze here all the general histories of America published to date, from the antiquated work of Carlos Pereira to the modern contributions of Ricardo Levene in Argentina and Antonio Ballesteros in Spain. Our project differs substantially from most—which is not to say that our results will be either better or worse. We believe that the traditional system of jointly written histories entails the dangerous risk of differing standards and, above all, literary styles. The simplest way of solving the problem, the one we have adopted, calls for a sacrifice on the part of the collaborators in favor of the reader: that is, the final version, though the product of a combined effort, will be made by a single person, who must submit his work for the approval of each contributor before it is published.

Another novelty consists in presenting the history of America not country by country but as a continental whole. I must mention here the constructive and continuous work carried on by the history department of the Pan American Institute of Geography and History in Mexico City. Some years ago, the institute recognized the need for reforming the outlines used for history courses in Latin American schools and set about preparing new ones. In its over-all plan, the various periods are studied in terms of groups of nations, or "historical regions"—the Caribbean, the Antilles, Mexico and Central America, the United States, South America. Wisely, the institute entrusted the preparation of these outlines to outstanding specialists modern in viewpoint and with many published works; I need only indicate that for the South American zone, Mariano Picón Salas is preparing the section on the colonial period and Eugenio Pereira Salas the section on the republic. Nearly all the works on the pre-Hispanic period and some of those on the later eras have been published.

This is an excellent system and suits the nature of the institution. But it seems safe enough to deal with these periods on a continent-wide basis, as we plan to do, since in establishing comparisons we are not trying to force parallels between the various regions but simply to present them simultaneously, in accord with what historiographers call "the concept of contemporaneity."

This brings me to another novelty. We firmly believe that man, as a social being, is a product of both his environment and his time, but that, despite the considerable effect of the former upon the latter, a given period's outlook and way of doing things is common to us all.

Like it or not, we live in the age of electronics and control of the atom. Its consequences are of course more obvious in the economically advanced countries—that is, the United States and parts of Europe—but its repercussions are felt all over the planet in new communications,

new media of information, nylon, plastics, supersonic speed, and so forth, which reach out to the most distant and hitherto impenetrable corners. In the same way there was beyond doubt an age conditioned by medieval collectivism, another by humanism, another by political absolutism and the Counter Reformation, another by Rationalism and neoclassicism, and so on up to our time. Naturally, as part of Western civilization, Americans, like Europeans, have partaken of the spirit of each of these world-wide upheavals, have acted in the manner imposed by the times.

If this principle is accepted as valid, the problem, so far as our project is concerned, comes down to studying the ways in which these ideals were expressed in America. To take a concrete case, it is a question of analyzing the process that culminated with the Discovery and the conquest of the Indies and coincided with the ultimate consequences of humanism and the Renaissance in Europe. In America the result was that the *encomendero's* cupidity and utilitarian mercantilism clashed with the friar's humanism—often the heterodox variety of Juan



Luis Vives. The symbol of this humanism is Las Casas, because of his magnitude, but actually the type was found all over America in his numerous emulators, from Bishop San Miguel in Mexico to Father Luis de Valdivia in distant Chile. Putting it this way does not mean that we place ourselves unreservedly and *a priori* on the side of the friar—in history such limitations are dangerous—but simply that the history of this continent needs, and does not yet include, a critical study of the American repercussions of the Valladolid Interview between the militant humanist Las Casas and Ginés de Sepúlveda, then chief chronicler of the Indies for Charles V and advocate of the regalism that was later to shape the policies of the viceroys.

Moreover, this period coincides with parallel manifestations in the intellect and in art—in literature censored to innocuousness, in architecture, and in the beginnings of creole artisanry. Thus, there are plateresque ruins of the early sixteenth century in the Antilles but

not in continental America, which was colonized years later.

The outlook of a man like Cardinal Cisneros, the defender of Las Casas, was impregnated with humanism, though in its least heterodox form. But then the last three Austrian kings of Spain—Charles V, Philip II, and Philip III—brought to America first the Counter Reformation and then absolutism. The determining factors of the seventeenth century affected New World economic and social life, political organization, art, dress, and customs. New concepts, common to the whole continent, came to the fore. To the north, the increasingly bitter religious struggle represented the beginnings of what was to be U.S. civilization. To the south, the phenomenon was characterized by the predominance of mysticism on one hand and the iron institutions of absolutism on the other. Logically enough, in the field of artistic creation the result was the splendid American baroque.

In Mexico, in Quito, in Peru, on the north coast of Brazil, true schools came into being, with a gifted artisan class including many Indians and mestizos. Indian sculpture of the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth is on a par with the best European examples of the period. In Brazil, baroque took several forms, for in the interior of Minas Gerais it flourished several decades later than in Bahia and Recife, cities nearer and with more direct ties to Portugal. And in O Aleijadinho, the marvelous mulatto artist of Ouro Preto, Sabará, and Congonhas do Campo, the three styles of the eighteenth century appeared simultaneously: baroque in his sculpture, rococo in his decoration, and neo-classicism in his architecture.

Parallel examination of these historical periods must never mean unscientific pigeonholing on the basis of preconceived ideas about the supposed unity of the continent, but rather contemplation of the most clearly defined stages as a group, with due mention of divergencies where they exist. Independence was achieved in the United States half a century earlier than in Latin America. The leading figures, the behavior, the phraseology, and the scene differed profoundly, as a man of the Age of Reason differs from a Romantic. But at bottom the ideals were much alike, and the two events shared a similar economic basis. In any case, our treatment provides a good opportunity to give clear and documented form to an extremely important and widely studied matter in interpreting Ibero-American independence—the enormous influence of the American Revolution and the slight influence of the French.

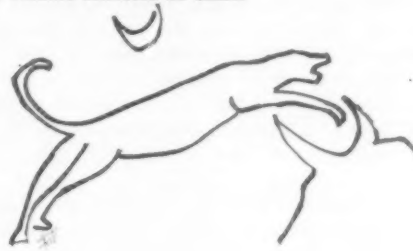
Another very important aspect of American history is the magnitude of the Brazilian phenomenon. Taking this into account together with the fact that the work is being prepared in a Spanish American country (which is not to say, of course, that we intend to give disproportionate emphasis to Chile), we have decided to devote about half the text to Spanish America, a quarter to Anglo-America, and the remaining quarter to Portuguese America. Haiti and the colonial territories will be treated in detail at appropriate periods.

The reader will have gathered by now the fundamental

purpose of our plan: the least possible space to the isolated date, the battle, and the list of rulers; the rest—that is, almost all—to economic development, the building of political institutions, the formation of societies, the ethical conflicts, the progress of culture in its multiple forms.

If our project is successful, we feel that so far as the history of the American peoples is concerned, another step will have been taken in evaluating the many things that unite us and in relegating to their proper obscurity the few that still separate us.

*Leopoldo Castedo, a Spanish-born historian living in Chile, won acclaim with his recent condensation in three volumes of Francisco Antonio Encina's monumental twenty-volume Historia de Chile.*



## CANADA VS. THE U.S.A.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER, by Bruce Hutchison. New York, Longmans, Green and Company, 1955. 500 p. \$6.00

*Reviewed by Harry B. Murkland*

The boundary between Canada and the United States is one of the political wonders of the world. Across three thousand miles of rushing rivers, inland seas, grain-heavy prairies, and frowning mountains, it divides two great nations. Yet on all its length there is not a single soldier, fort, or warship. The people of the two countries wander back and forth with little more ceremony than when they cross their own streets. The governments, sometimes at neighborly odds, generally work hand in hand. There is no frontier in the world like it.

It was not always so. It took years of invasion and counter-invasion, war and destruction, misunderstanding and hatred to establish this friendly, slumbering boundary. The story of how it came about is material for an epic. Now it has been told in epic accents. Bruce Hutchison's *The Struggle for the Border* is history in the grand manner.

It is, perhaps, rather old-fashioned history, told chiefly through the lives and deeds of the men who made the two nations and drew the line between them. Some of these men are world-famous; others are virtually unknown below the forty-ninth parallel. Some are heroes, some are villains; some loom large, some are little men. All are brought to life by Mr. Hutchison's brilliant pen. The history of Canada is one of the world's most neglected chronicles. There is no better introduction to it than this book, for the story of the struggle for the border



is inevitably the story of the creation of the Canadian nation behind that border.

From the beginning, the odds were against Canada. The French who first settled along the St. Lawrence, like the Spaniards who came to Latin America, were soldiers, seekers after the beaver pelts that were the gold of the North, and adventurers, rather than homemakers. While the English, farther south, were cultivating their crops, pushing irresistibly westward in search of new lands to till, ever growing in numbers, a handful of French were clustered around Quebec and Montreal, deliberately leaving the West unplowed for the sake of the fur trade. The thirteen British colonies were already showing the first signs of nationhood when Canada was still no more than a treasury of furs for Paris.

Then the English drove out the French. After that came the American Revolution, and thousands of English loyalists fled across the border. Now Canada looked less like a nation than ever, with its unblendable mixture of English in Upper Canada, French in Lower. Both were at constant odds with their American neighbors, who showed a distressing tendency to spread across the ill-defined border into Canadian territory.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century the tide of struggle moved westward, through the empty plains, across the Rockies, and down to the uncharted Pacific shore. In the States, Lewis and Clark opened up the trail to Oregon. Farther north, Alexander Mackenzie, the first white man to walk and paddle across the continent, brought Canada, also, to the Pacific. For years Canadians and Americans fought for a dividing line in the West.

The War of 1812 was "the supreme national watershed" for Canada. Fighting for their homes—and fighting successfully—against the by now overwhelming strength of the United States, the people of Canada began to find themselves. "In the disordered lines of battle the lineaments of a new creature, the Canadian, neither British nor French, had first appeared in America—a young face yet, blurred in infancy, indistinguishable to foreigners, but slowly settling into harder lines."

The boundary was fixed in the Treaty of Ghent, and both sides accepted it. "North America had been permanently divided. . . . After two hundred years of ceaseless bloodshed, a unique experiment in peaceful neighborly relations had begun."

For the next century there was peace, if not always perfect concord. Canadian energies were mainly devoted to building a nation along the border, settling the West, filling in the vacant spaces between, and tying the scattered parts of Canada together.

Imperceptibly the character of the Canadian-American struggle was changing. It ceased to be a fight to defend a weak frontier against a powerful and aggressive neighbor. Instead, the new effort was to preserve the personality of a small population against the suffocating, however friendly, bear hug of a huge neighbor.

Bit by bit, most rapidly and noticeably since the Second World War, Canada has won this struggle. American influences are inevitably strong—many Canadians think too strong—but Canada has become one of the

leading Middle Powers of the world: politically independent, economically robust, firm on its own national feet.

This very fact has brought a third kind of struggle between the United States and Canada: a struggle between equals over the policy of the western world: "Until the present era the business of the United States and Canada had almost exclusively concerned them alone—trade, boundary waters, and the like. Now they were both members of a world-wide coalition of defense, and any important international act by either must affect all the members. . . . Canadian-American relations could never be as easy and automatic as in the good old days." But with the goodwill and respect for each other that exists on both sides of the border, this kind of struggle can be a constructive force in the world. It is a far cry from the days when Canadian and U.S. warships were blasting each other out of Lake Erie.

It is easy for people in the United States and Latin America to forget that Canada is, in fact if not formally, part of the Pan American world. This book is an eloquent reminder to anyone concerned with the affairs of the Western Hemisphere.

*Harry B. Murkland is Hemisphere Affairs Editor of Newsweek magazine.*



#### SCHOLARSHIP OFFER

The University of Havana, Cuba, will offer U.S. citizens five tuition scholarships for its 1956 summer session. These scholarships will be awarded through the Pan American Union Division of Education, which will be in charge of candidate selection. Eligibility requirements are: (1) U.S. citizenship; (2) possession by June 1956 of a degree not lower than the B.A. or B.S.; (3) a working knowledge of Spanish. The deadline for receipt of scholarship applications is May 15; The University of Havana summer session dates are July 16 to August 24. Application blanks and further information may be obtained from the Section of Educational Interchange, Division of Education, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### SUGGESTION TO PEN PALS

Dear Sirs:

As writer of a column dealing with foreign correspondence, entitled "Travel Unlimited," that appears in six New York State weeklies, I have been publishing verbatim letters from abroad. Our original purpose was to establish more contacts between our citizens and those of foreign countries. It has been highly successful.

To broaden the column's scope, we printed some two hundred questionnaires, which included two questions for my correspondents in over forty-five countries to answer truthfully. They were: "I like the United States because . . ." and "I do not like the United States because . . ."

The replies are coming in and are being printed. Through the eyes of foreigners, we are seeing ourselves as others see us. It is our hope that in this way we will be able to recognize some of our faults and correct them.

Our circulation is large, but local. However, the column is to appear monthly in a Belgian paper with international distribution. We hope the idea will spread so as to truly acquaint the world with other people's problems.

Possibly some of your readers will assist in promoting international good will by emulating our method, or by devising a better one. One does not fight a friendly neighbor, and if all of us can get acquainted with even one foreigner, the road to world peace and understanding is opened.

Donald Peterson  
Fulton, New York

### POINT OF VIEW

Dear Sirs:

The October [English] AMERICAS was splendid, and as a subscriber I want to congratulate your staff. The "Air Taxis" article excerpted from the new English magazine *Mexico This Month* in your Points of View section interested me especially. . . .

Reid T. Holton  
Newark, New Jersey

### POETRY CONTEST

Dear Sirs:

"El Libro" Asociación Cultural Argentina ("The Book" Argentine Cultural Association) is sponsoring a contest for poems extolling the significance and universal values of the book, open to writers in Spanish everywhere. Entries must be in not later than May 31, 1956. For complete information write to "El Libro" Asociación Cultural Argentina, Perú No. 127, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Guillermo Giné  
Secretary

### FOR BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN

Dear Sirs:

Will you, through this letter, permit me to extend on behalf of all members of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women of the United States an invitation to the business women from any of the Latin American nations to let us know when they are in this country? Whether they speak English or Spanish or Portuguese, we have common interests and hope to extend our acquaintance whenever opportunity arises.

It was during the First World War that the need for calling together trained women brought into being the United States Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. The purposes are to raise the standards for women in business and in the professions; to promote their interests; to bring about a spirit of cooperation among them; and to extend opportunities

to business and professional women through education along the lines of industrial, scientific, and vocational activities. We believe these purposes could also be served down south by the formation of Latin American Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

We therefore invite any business or professional woman who is coming to the United States to send her itinerary to Miss Paquita Rabell, chairman of our new Pan American Friendship Committee, 912 Sorolla Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida. If you have no opportunity to write in advance, most of our clubs are listed in the city telephone directories. We will welcome you in any one of our three thousand clubs across the country, with any suggestion you may have for working toward mutual understanding.

Marguerite Rawalt  
National President  
United States Federation of Business  
and Professional Women's Clubs  
Washington, D. C.

### MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Leonidas Escobar (E.S.) Apartado Postal No. 912 Panama City, Panama	Isabel Bar (E. S. German) Melián 2946 Buenos Aires, Argentina
Santiago Zimel (S.F.)—C Pedro de Mendoza 1625 Buenos Aires, Argentina	Mario Oscar Angel Podestá (E. S. F. Italian)—C Calle Urquiza 238 San Nicolás Provincia de Buenos Aires Argentina
Adele Baioni (S. Italian)—C Pedro Agote 1317 Suc. 28 Buenos Aires, Argentina	José Alberizio de Lima Rocha (E. S. P) Rua Princesa Isabel 576 Fortaleza, Ceará, Brazil
Clyde C. Rust (E.S.) Tornado, West Virginia	Román Perceagua (E. S.)—C Travesía San Andrés W1 Toledo, Spain
Alexander De Soto (E.S.) Salta 518 Goya, Corrientes, Argentina	José Sérgio Reis (E. S. P) Rua Barão do Rio Branco 1969 Fortaleza, Ceará, Brazil
Francesco D'Agostino U. (E. S. F. Italian)* Via Bormida 1 Rome, Italy	Norma Beatriz Nisi (E. S. F. Italian) Cabildo 763 Buenos Aires, Argentina
M. Gomes (E. P) Caixa Postal 4965 São Paulo, Brazil	John Zombek (E. S. F. Latin)—C St. Mary's Seminary Crystal Lake, Illinois
Mary Rose MacPherson (E. S.)—H 2 Oriente 245 Viña del Mar, Chile	Harley Andrew Sides (E. S.) Route Number One Lapel, Indiana
Frank Stewart (E. S. Japanese)—H* Route One Adamsville, Alabama	Beatriz Arostegui Martiniano Leguizamón 585 Buenos Aires, Argentina
Emilio Ortuño Jiménez (E. S.) Campto. Villarreal No. 31 Llallagua, Siglo Veinte, Bolivia	

### CORRECTION

The caption on page 21 of the November 1955 issue describing the size of the huge, blind spiders found in the Lanquin Caves in Guatemala did not take into account the reduction of the photo for the layout and should indicate that the spider is shown only one-sixth actual size.

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

## What do you know about coffee? Answers on page 37

*This quiz will test your knowledge of one of the world's most popular beverages. Answer True or False to each of the following statements. Score one for each correct answer. 10-9 is excellent; 8-7, good; 6-5, average. Anything lower indicates that you don't know what you've been drinking.*



1. Infant coffee trees must be shaded from the tropical sun, as with a lattice of sticks on this Brazilian plantation.

2. The average coffee tree produces only one pound of coffee per year.

3. Coffee blossoms resemble those of cherry trees in both color and fragrance.

4. The coffee bean is really the pit of the coffee cherry and is found in pairs.



5. Upon removal from the cherry, coffee beans are spread out to dry in the sun, raked by day and covered by night, and aged for many years like fine wines.

6. Imperfect beans are removed before the green coffee is graded.

7. To create blends, tasters sample every batch of coffee received from growers.

8. Coffee from Latin America is shipped abroad in bags, each figured at 132 pounds for convenience of trade statistics.



9. Latin America supplies 50 per cent of the coffee consumed in the U.S.A. The rest comes from Africa and Asia.

10. Men and women between the ages of thirty and forty-nine are the heaviest U.S. coffee drinkers, averaging more than three large cups a day. Many Latin Americans, however, drink up to ten small cups.

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